





## SOUTHERN CHARACTER.

THE "RECORD-UNION" CORRESPONDENT AMONG STRANGE PEOPLE.

Two Peruvian Cities—Street Car Propelled by Sails—Blossoming Maldives 100 Years Old.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.] ON SHIPBOARD, August, 1890.

Life on board one of these great English steamers that ply the Southern Pacific has its peculiar features, but is by no means unpleasant. The three-story habitation adrift on a waste of waters with its crowd of passengers, its living cargo of horses, cattle, sheep and fowls and its tons of fruit and other freight, is a miniature village separated from the rest of the world and forced to rely upon its own resources for sustenance and amusement. There is no better place for the study of human nature, because the frailties and inconsistencies with which our common humanity is afflicted, as well as the occasional gleams of goodness that redeem the poorest specimens from utter unworthiness, are more apparent where there is so little chance for privacy or concealment.

Like other small communities whose ways of life are narrow and monotonous, a good deal of gossip is rife, but generally not of the envenomed sort that taints the atmosphere of many otherwise delightful country places, as the slime of toads and serpents would poison the purest spring. People on a long voyage are inclined to pair off at once into small cliques, drawn together by those mysterious laws of natural attraction which everybody feels but none can explain, remaining always grouped together at the table, on the shady side of the deck, singing songs in the moonlight, playing games of chess, whist and Rochambeau, or going ashore at the various ports. Each little party secretly considers itself as the criterion by which to judge all things worthy of emulation, and is disposed to be extremely critical concerning the manners and motives of outsiders, and more difficult to be for one to cut loose from one clique and establish himself permanently in another, than for an unknown plebeian, without money or influence, to gain admittance to the exclusive circles of Murray Hill.

Yet outwardly all is serene as a summer morning. Everybody greets everybody else, with a hearty "good morning" and recognition, and if one is ill the entire community vies with each other in kind attentions. Among other noticeable characters in our daily dramatics is a bevy of young ladies who come on board at Puna, the Cape May of Ecuador. They are evidently sisters and the daughters of wealth. However cold the sea-winds blow, they appear every day in thinnest dresses of white mull with sky-blue sashes and breast knots, their shiny black hair braided down their backs and tied at the ends with blue ribbon. Sometimes they wear hats with large heads and slipped feet, how they stare at the flannel gowns, thick boots, gloves, hats and jackets of the American with looks that plainly say: "From what part of the uncivilized world do these heathens come? And when they are met in the saloon, with what gusto do they engage in desperate flirtations with the young ship-doctor and a couple of handsome bull-fighters, the latter being wonderfully decked with diamonds, each wearing his hair braided into the bobbing pig-tail which betokens the bull-fighter.

Besides the daily slaughter of pigs, poultry and sheep to supply the larder, every third day a cow is killed on the lower deck, which the animals share with the freight and the steerage passengers. These vessels are constructed so that the dining saloon and all the state-rooms open upon the second deck; while the upper one is mainly kept clear for promenade and dancing. There are two or three large openings in the middle deck, securely fenced around by iron railings, through which the "winders" are when fighting or baggage is received or unloaded. It happens that the frequent cow-killing goes on directly below one of these openings, in full view of whoever cares to witness the bloody performance. It is significant of the difference in character between the Latin and Anglo-Saxon that when fighting every one of the thick-skinned, unsentimental-looking American girls flee from all sight and sound of the butchery; and think of it only with horror, the whole bevy of fair Europeans, in their angelic white dresses and blue ribbons, hang over the railing from first to last, evincing the greatest enjoyment of every detail, from the time the poor beast is knocked down and its throat cut, till its skinned and disengorged carcass hangs up in the shape of meat. Since the charming senoritas cannot possibly feel the scientific or surgical interest in the matter that may actuate their attending cavaliers, the doctor and the picadores, their taste for blood-shedding must have been inherited from their bull-fighting forefathers of Old Castile, who were married with the savage of the New World.

At every port an army of local officials comes on board, to improve the opportunity of a square meal and a drink or two at the expense of the steamship company. They wear gorgeous red breeches, bright swords and plenty of "brilliant armor," and are usually one of them to about every half dozen packages of merchandise. There is the Captain of the port and all his retinue; the Governor of the district with his entire staff; the commander of the military garrison and several means least of all, the collector of customs, the collector of duties and the collector of inspectors, till the decks are fairly swarming with them. As the arrival of a steamer is the one event that breaks the monotony of their lives, they never fail to celebrate it for all it is worth.

Most of the ports are mere collections of mud huts, inhabited by the officials aforesaid, employees of the various steamship companies, and a few fishermen. We stop at every one of them to take on the produce of the neighboring valleys, mainly sugar, cotton, coffee, wine and coffee, for shipment to Liverpool and Germany, or to points lower down the coast. Nearly every port has its railway line, running to rich plantations in the interior; and as there are no harbors on this coast, but only open roadsteads, expensive iron piers have been built out from the shore, from which the merchandise is transferred to barges or lighters and taken by them to the ships, which anchor a mile or more from shore. Where there is no pier, lighters are run through the surf when the tide is highest. They are loaded at low tide and then floated off to buoys to await the arrival of vessels. There are always plenty of row boats to take passengers ashore at reasonable prices when bargained for before starting; and the tourist misses a good deal who does not avail himself of every opportunity to put his feet upon terra firma.

In several places the women have been taught to make cigars, and the "Panama" hats of their own manufacture to sell, besides a variety of fruit, cheese, delicacies, poor pottery and other trinkets. They have not the remotest idea of the value of money, and are habitually disposed to let light traders, who take their wares at a merely nominal rate in exchange for the necessities of life, and sell them again at an enormous profit on the original price. It is difficult for a stranger to buy anything of these people, because they are imbued with the idea that all foreigners are walking gold mines, who may as well pay one price as another. I asked an old

woman the price of a little straw basket. "Fifteen dollars," she replied. Finding that would not do, she gracefully dropped to 50 cents, about double the sum that a local dealer would have given her.

The northernmost town of Peru is Tumbes, interesting only from the fact that here "Tumbes" was met by the Inca messengers who King Atahualpa had sent out to inquire the object of the white man's visit. Back of the town are some extensive petroleum deposits, which were known to the Indians long before the coming of the Spaniards. Since the discovery of oil had been made for lubricating and coloring purposes, but the natives were entirely ignorant of its real character and value until a Mr. Larkins, from Western New York, came down here to peddle kerosene; and then it was immediately recognized as the stuff.

A little farther down is Paiza, or Payta, as it is sometimes spelled, the ocean gate of the fertile valley of Piura, which, with its town of the same name, lies sixty miles away, across the desert of Secura and close to the cordillera. Being completely surrounded by bare sand and bluffs, except the little space to seaward, there is not a trace of vegetation anywhere in sight. All the water that is used is brought from a point more than thirty miles away, formerly on the backs of mules, but now through an iron pipe. Though lying within the so-called "rainless belt" of Peru, it is said that smart showers occasionally fall here, say once in three or four years. To form a tolerably correct idea of the appearance of Paiza, you have only to imagine a collection of the mud nests of the barn swallows, somewhat enlarged and turned bottom side up. Its queer shops and houses are set close together, mainly on one long street near the beach, their wicker-work frames so thinly plastered over with mud that a passer-by might thrust his finger through, and roofterd with a matting of braided rushes, tied on to the rafters. Some of them are two-storied and very well furnished, being occupied by agents of foreign commercial houses who are paid extraordinary salaries for consenting to a residence here. There is a big bamboo cathedral and other notable objects in it are an image of the Virgin with chains on her wrists and an (to me) unknown saint who carries a hatchet.

Paiza has no cemetery, and it is said that none is needed, as nobody ever dies hereabouts—they dry up in course of centuries and are blown out to sea. We are informed that the public-spirited citizens were very desirous of starting a grave-yard a few years ago, having heard that such an institution is a feature of all first-class towns. They laid out an inclosure, but even motives of patriotism could not induce anybody to be interred alive. Finally a vessel came along which had a man on board at the point of death, and as he had neither friends nor money the Captain was easily persuaded to put him ashore, to start the new cemetery. But no sooner had he reached land than he began to mend, and in a short time was as robust as the rest of them. The term "old citizen" is no misnomer in Paiza, where the average age is said to be well on into the second century. There are blooming maidens here of 70 and 80, frisky boys of 100 or more, and "so they tell us!"

One is struck by the extraordinary number of gaunt, half-starved dogs that lie sleeping upon the sand-heaps or growling about in the most desolate manner. A comical story is sometimes told of a drunken traveler to the effect that what has caused these canines to look so lean and lazy is not lack of food, but the great distance they have to go for water. I was gravely assured by a bare-footed native that every morning before sunrise all the dogs of the village assemble in the plaza, they march together in a body to the river, thirty miles away, where they drink enough to satisfy them for twenty-four hours, and then slowly return, being quite worn out by the time they have reached home!

Paiza is a place of considerable commercial importance, chiefly on account of being the only outlet from Piura valley. There is a commodious custom-house built of iron and a long mole. The piece used to be a favorite resort for whalers and their rendezvous for supplies and repairs in days when those huge fish were more numerous, and when waters than now. Landing is comparatively easy here and the tourist should not fail to go ashore, if only to see how well people may live in swallows' nests. One who tried it wrote as follows: "We traversed the narrow, pale-gray streets between the comical houses, and at a distance of thirty feet from the beach, we looked out upon the vast plain of pale-gray sand that stretches away for sixty miles. We were thirsty on returning from this pale-gray expedition and were told that the water that we drank to wash out our pale-gray reminiscences had been brought from a distance of thirty miles on the back of a pale-gray donkey." Miles on the back of a pale-gray donkey!

A charming surprise awaited us when we entered the town. The town is a small, walled city, surrounded by sand-hills and deserts, with no glimpse of vegetation far as the eye can reach. The surf is always heavy here and often dashes over the lofty, half-mile-long pier. Going ashore in rough weather is no child's play, but we returned it. Our boatman was a black Jamaican negro with a mouth like a trap-door; but to his presence of mind and trumpet-like orders to two or three helpers we probably owe our lives at the present moment. A sudden wind sprang up, rendering the rudder of no more use than a straw, and about the only thing that could be done was to keep the boat from being driven to the bottom by the billows, from being driven to the bottom by receiving one broadside.

Being thoroughly drenched with spray we sought the consulate to dry ourselves and wait for the gale to subside. And here a pleasant surprise awaited us. For more than twenty years Mr. B. H. Kaufmann, a brother of the owner of the Washington Evening Star, has been the American Consul at Pasmayo. He lives in a big, airy house not far from the beach, whose bamboo-roofed veranda commands a view of the sea, the surf and the measureless blue beyond. It is a cozy home, furnished with all that good taste and money can buy in this part of the world, including fine pictures, dainty china and a French piano, making one forget that tracts of the desert and the sea are to be seen on every side. Mrs. Kaufmann was a Lima belle, and there are several very pretty children who are being educated at home by an English governess. The young daughter, who excels in music, is a striking specimen of the blending of the two races, showing the white skin and fair hair of the Saxon, with the soft expressive eyes, fine form and tiny hands and feet of the Peruvian mother.

Among the sights of Pasmayo especial mention should be made of a street car, propelled by wind. It runs on rails like other cars, but has neither horse, mule, engine nor any motive power, except the viewless hand of the air playing in a sail which can be raised or lowered to suit emergencies, just like that of a yacht. There are brakes, of course, and riding merrily does this queer land ship send along, from the town to the end of the long pier, where the wind happens to be in the right direction.

And now there are no more stops to be made before Callao, the port of Lima, where we shall bid a happy adieu for some time to the ocean, which we have heartily tired.

## ORCHARD AND FARM.

AMERICAN SHEEP INDUSTRY—FARMING AS A BUSINESS.

Cooked Food for Stock in Winter—Pruning Peach Trees—How to Grow Quinces—General Farm Notes.

No rural industry has been subject to so many and such violent fluctuations as sheep husbandry and wool-growing. These vicissitudes have arisen from changes in the general conditions of agriculture and commerce. During the first decade of the present century Spanish Merino sheep were imported in large numbers, and found a ready welcome. While yielding comparatively heavy fleeces of the most beautiful wool in the world, they were found to be wonderfully hardy, easily kept and adaptable to all manner of climates and situations. Every condition was favorable for the success and prosperity of the Merino sheep industry. Foreign commerce was conducted by slow methods, and of internal commerce there was scarcely any. The sheep were raised on small farms, and the wool was sold to the nearest market. There were no swift steamship lines to bring American wool-growers into sharp competition with those of the antipodes. In fact, the regions which now support the countless flocks of South America and Australia were inhabited by savages, some of whom feasted upon human flesh in the absence of mutton. In our own country land was either free or held at merely nominal prices. Under the stimulus of such favorable conditions, sheep-raising and wool-growing attained a success and magnitude which promised to be permanent. Fortunes were made in the breeding and sale of choice sheep, as well as the care of flocks and the sale of wool. But, as the Eastern and Middle States were more thickly settled, and the land advanced in price, while competition with the cheap land and cheap labor abroad brought down the price of the staple, wool-growing was found unprofitable. It is needless to go over the details. Nothing could be more disheartening than the experiences of the flock-masters during the periods of depression, which came with rapid succession. Many flocks were slaughtered and sent to the rendering kettles for their pelts and tallow. Only the protection afforded by national law has preserved any part of our Merino flocks from utter annihilation.

While the fluctuations in the business of wool-growing have led alternately to fortune and to ruin, the demand for mutton has steadily increased, and with this increase has come a steady enhancement in prices. This has naturally turned the attention of the sheep-raiser to the English breeders and farmers to the English breeds of large and heavier sheep than the Merinos. So active has been the business of importing and breeding these that they already form an important element in the farm stock of the country. In three leading breeds of long-wooled sheep, namely all the Down breeds, and more recently, the horned Dorsets, have become so largely represented in this country that each breed has a record society, to secure purity of breeding and promote its general success.

As may well be supposed, many serious mistakes have been committed by American farmers in changing from the care of the hardy, gregarious, adaptable Merino to these heavier sheep, all of which are the products of a very advanced agriculture, and have numerous requirements of their own. In Great Britain, nearly or quite every breed is strictly local, and the boundaries between their respective habitats are almost as clearly defined as the lines of different farms. American farmers and flock-masters had not only to learn the requirements of the English breeds, but also to find out by trial what localities are best adapted to its success. They had to learn that these English breeds of sheep could not be pastured in large flocks like the Merino. They have also learned that all the mutton breeds require an abundance of succulent and nutritious food. None of them can, without serious deterioration, pick a living from thin and scant upland pastures. But they vary greatly from each other in their requirements. Lincolns and Cotswolds will flourish and fatten on rich bottom land, while the various breeds of Downs succeed best on rolling land clothed with short nutritious grasses.

One great obstacle to success at first was the lack of root crops to supply the place of the turnips which formed so large a part of their winter food in England. American farmers have never in general been partial to root crops. Yet the English breeds of sheep can not do well on dry grain and forage in winter without some kind of succulent food. But just as this want was felt the most clearly, the silo comes in and supplies a nutritious, succulent material in greater abundance and at far less outlay of labor than the enormous amount of root crops could be produced from the same land.

On the whole, the outlook for the permanent success and prosperity of American sheep husbandry is better than it has been for many years. The Eastern and Middle States will continue, with profit, to maintain a stock of sheep, and to keep the mutton breeds in the general market. The newer regions with breeding stock. But farmers and flock masters generally will find their advantages in keeping sheep for the two products, wool and mutton.—American Agriculturist.

COOKED FOOD FOR STOCK IN WINTER.

That cooked food is more digestible than that which is raw is known to be a fact, as cooking breaks the particles, and renders them more subject to the action of the gastric juice of the stomach. But despite the knowledge of this fact by farmers and others, all experiments made to determine the advantages of cooking food for stock have resulted in favor of feeding raw food as the more economical and profitable. The great factor in the cooking of food is the labor and fuel required, which more than balances any benefits derived from the lessening of the quantity of food or its better digestibility when cooked. There are farmers, however, who cook for stock, and here we must submit to the fact that, on the other standpoint, which is that warm food protects against cold.

The proportion of the food consumed that is required to warm the body in cold weather, before any of the food can be appropriated for the production of meat, bone or milk, is very large, and the supply of heat required can be increased in any manner except by a larger amount of food it will be so much saved. No amount of warm or cooked food will compensate for inferior food or for imperfect shelter, but the saving of any portion of the food permits an extra animal to be kept, which is not to be overlooked when the value of the manure is to be considered, and in every case where unemployed labor can be made to take the place of food by the preparation of the food it is so much gained and stored in the carcasses of the animals.

Within recent years farmers have become aware of the fact that by simply warming the drinking water an advantage was gained, as the warming of the ice-cold water drank by cows was at the expense of the food consumed. Every ounce of cold food or cold water eaten or drunk was a loss to the body, which had to be overcome by the amount of heat necessary to raise the temperature of the cold articles, which occasions a corresponding loss of food, and farmers in some sections now make a regular practice of keeping the drinking water warm in some manner.

The experiments made in regard to the cost of cooking the food are not conclusive, however. Much depends on the climate

and the kind of food, as well as the shelter, appliances for cooking, and the actual work and fuel required. There are on all farms in the winter season laborers who cannot be kept easily employed, and the cost of cooking the food largely depends on how it is done and by whom. It may not be advisable to cook all the food, but the advantages of a warm mess morning and night (or even in the morning only) on every cold day, omitting it during mild weather, will far more than offset the expense, while the health and thrift of the animals will be greatly promoted.—Philadelphia Record.

FARMING AS A BUSINESS.

My observation is that a great many farmers have more land than they can successfully cultivate. All the land which a farmer may have more than he can properly cultivate is like so much merchandise a merchant may have and no demand for such goods. Would it not be better for a man to have but eighty acres and till those well than to have twice the amount and only half tend to it? But such is the case with many farmers, who are often too often in debt, depending on a good crop of all kinds when one or all fail. Then comes the borrowing of money, paying of interest and so on. And what for? That he could have done without and that he did not need. Who is to blame for that? What of advice and what remedy? Will some one answer?

I wish here to make a few suggestions. First, let us see how many things which are luxuries that we can economize a little on. Let us put out no more acres than we can tend well. Let us save more mature and spread the same on our land each year. Let us pay more attention to the cultivation of small fruits, and let them be counted as a part of the products of the farm. And last, but not least, as I now appear in my great theme, let there be organized in every viable neighborhood a farmers' institute or club. For what purpose, you ask? For general information. My failures may be the cause of your success. If I have succeeded in any particular under adverse circumstances it is my duty to inform you. It is not only cultivated friendship, which we as a class lack, but a vast amount of valuable knowledge is here to be gained, which would otherwise be hard to obtain. In conclusion I will make the assertion that, with the knowledge we can tend well, the products of our farms can be doubled in less than two years.—J. H. Clevenger in Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

PRUNING PEACH TREES.

A moderately high head is the best for peach trees, but not over four limbs should start from the main stem. These should be started from different heights, as the peach does not unite in a fork as other trees, and trying to make it so often results in the tree being weak and loaded with fruit. For the best effect the limbs should branch off at an obtuse angle, but to get it the training must be done when the trees are quite young. It may be accomplished by putting a stick, weed or stalk between the limbs and the main stem, to hold it in position until the tree is done. This is done to prevent a weak spot in the tree. The main limbs can be allowed to branch at some distance from the stem, but not so much as to kill the small twigs in the center by the shade.

The best time for pruning is on a frosty day, when the fruit is on the trees, but not so much as to kill the small twigs in the center by the shade. The best time for pruning is on a frosty day, when the fruit is on the trees, but not so much as to kill the small twigs in the center by the shade. The best time for pruning is on a frosty day, when the fruit is on the trees, but not so much as to kill the small twigs in the center by the shade.

HOW TO GROW GUINCES.

To be successful with guinces a deep strong soil should be selected, which has a good drainage. It may be necessary in some cases to put in tile to obtain this result. Then run the subsoil plow through at least fifteen inches deep. The trees should be set in the spring in rows ten feet apart, and in rows two feet apart. The trees eight feet from each other in the rows. Especial pains should be taken to have the trees of good vigor, while the Orange or Champion varieties are to be preferred. Manure the ground heavily with stable manure, favoring the tree, and spreading it broadcast. The young tree should be kept in a warm, moist soil, and should be kept in a warm, moist soil, and should be kept in a warm, moist soil.

FARM NOTES.

When we give the cows poor feed, and a scanty supply of that, we are inviting a curious species of microbe to assist us in our dairying.

The sweepings from the hay-loft, which contain the seeds of clover and grasses, make excellent food for the early chicks that may be hatched, and should be sifted and scattered over the ground.

A tree near Newburg, O., still bearing large yellow apples each year, was planted in 1791 by a pioneer from Virginia, afterward killed and scalped by Indians.

Look well at the trunks of trees below the ground, near the roots. If any signs of damage from insects appear, or disease shows symptoms, use lime plentifully around the roots, and wash the trunks with strong solutions.

Nothing is better for hens in the way of vegetable food than fresh, raw cabbages. In assorting cabbages for winter preservation, save the leaves of the smaller heads for the poultry, and feed them in a rack of convenient height.

To rid a poultry-house of red lice, fumigate it with burning sulphur, in which has been placed a pound of old tobacco leaves, or a piece of common resin twice as big as an egg, the house meantime being closed perfectly tight. Insects cannot live in this kind of atmosphere.

It appears from a statement in Colman's Rural World, that tobacco waste is so disgusting to white grubs that they will leave a strawberry bed on which it is placed. Moreover, the application is said to have remarkable manurial properties for this fruit. Thus comes fragrance and sweetness from the filthy weed.

The poultry business has got to the front, and is one of the most important industries of the land, representing as it does vast wealth, and the people, being particularly interested in it, it is not surprising that it is standing in the stable and a heavy one when it is outside. It is not well to keep the horse too closely blanketed in the stable.

A large corn crop may be fed to stock

and its price in that manner increased. It may be sold and bran or middlings purchased in its place. But no matter in what shape the grain may be, the feeding of it to stock makes it more valuable, while the manure it produces keeps up the fertility of the farm and prepares the way for a larger crop next season.

Cows are milked too close to the period of calving. They are thus deprived of the privilege of supplying the embryo calf with that which is required for full and perfect development. As milk also undergoes a partial change as the period of calving arrives, it is doubtful if that drawn so late and close to the time is of a quality fit for use. No substance varies in its composition more than milk.

A good hired man is worth sometimes more than he receives. It is not always that the farmer finds one in whom he can place sufficient confidence to leave the stock and attend to all the details of the farm, without mistakes of some kind, but such hired men are sometimes found, and they play an important part in lessening the costs of food and in promoting the thrift of stock, and also deserve good wages.

Shade has influence on the formation of humus in the soil. On all shady and moist places the earth-worms are usually numerous, which is a sure indication of an increase of plant food. A farmer who left a crop of clover on the ground the entire season, through carelessness, found, on plowing it under, that the soil had greatly improved, and as he had other fields for comparison, he attributed the benefit to the shading of the soil.

Whatever the crop may be, or the nature of the farm operations, the farmer should keep in view the fact that his farm must never deteriorate in value, for the land is capital, and when it decreases in value it is just so much capital gone. The fertility of the soil must not only be retained, but the land improved in quality. The profit is not all in the receipts from sale of crops, for each year may exceed the previous year in production. The soil is a good savings bank, in which the gradual deposits slowly but surely accumulate into substances of value.

THANK-GIVING PUMPKIN PIES.

So you bid me "Thanksgiving"? Thank you, neighbor, it is kind of you to say so. To a plain old body like myself so much in mind: Here I've been sittin' all alone, and a mist be comin' over my eyes. A thinkin' like a simpton, of mother's pumpkin pies.

Yes, I've just come home from Sarah's—come home, I'm glad to say. And here, God helping me, I mean in future time to stay.

Oh! Sarah's folks are very fine, but I felt all at sea. And though the rooms were 'mazin' big, they seemed too small for me.

The house is like a palace, and mine's a tiny nest. But, neighbor, I'm contented here, I like this place the best. Just as Sarah's folks are, and I don't know how to say it.

Her French cooks cost a fortune, but I favor home-made pies. Like mother's, tasty, rich and brown, and toothsome with the spice.

I give to loathe her dinners, out in half with lemon ice. Give me good food, biled greens and pork; and turkey now and then; I tell you on our mountain fare we've raised a race of men.

Not spindlin' like them city folks, in dress-suits if you please. An' mavin' in their low-cut shoes, an' bowin' to their knees.

I hate such sissy airs; I like to hear a hearty No! I'm not deaf, but when one speaks, why, speak so's to be heard.

In Sarah's house, I've "amity this" and "amity that," and I saw I made a discord, let me do my best, an' still I'm sure the child loves amity, but neighbor, she and I are far apart and nowhow could our ways again draw nigh.

Remember! Jotham Peckham, I was vexed to see his child. A throwin' money here and there; it made me fairly wild; Her house, it's just like Barnum's, with junk-cracks everywhere.

When pa and me the children took to see the wonders of the world, we went to the city. How I run! Well, thank you, neighbor; I see you want to go. I'm comin' to Thanksgiving; your good old ways I know.

Am my month waders, dear old friend; there's tears in these fine eyes. For I shall taste the flavor of mother's pumpkin pie.

And though I'm "most three score and ten," an' cranky, I'm afraid. Once more I'll feed my child, my mother's little maid; And I'll be pleased to help, in any way I can.

Good-by, dear, and my love to Lizzie, a kiss to Mary. —Margaret E. Sangster in Ladies' Home Journal.

SMALL FEET.

They are an illustration of the tendency of the Times Toward Little Waists and Weak Bodies.

Anyone who visits the art museum may be struck with the fact that the feet of all the ancient statues seem very large. They do seem so, but it will be found that for symmetrical perfection these feet could not be better, and yet the feet of the average man or woman to-day are much smaller than in ancient times.

One might naturally ask, why is this? The answer is not in our present way of social dress, but in the fact that the feet of the ancients were contracted feet to their present small proportions. Indeed, it is only one illustration of many of what advanced civilization and civilization have done to the human body. The feet of the ancients were not so small as in the present age of corsets. The health of women in ancient times was better than in our present age of social demands, household cares and hurried living. Women are weaker than they once were. They are fed depressed, blue, weak and languid, when they were once bright, strong and active. Such modern troubles require the most advanced treatment and the best physicians, and most scientific authorities of the present day declare that pure stimulants are ever of value, while pure actual harm.

The best and purest of all stimulants now known to the world is Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky. It is indeed the only medicinal whisky known to the profession or the public. It has been tested by years of use, and is far more popular to-day than ever before in its history. It has been placed in the hands of the noblest and most heroic of men, and it has been found that it is a powerful stimulant, causing them to perform their functions as in youth.

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## There must be some reason for it

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**Beware** Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The "Century Magazine" is no so well known to tell of its past success seems almost an old story. The New York Tribune has said that it and its companion, "The Century," are the only magazines of the same name, "are read by every one in thirty of the country's population," and large editions of both are sent beyond the seas. It is an interesting fact that a year ago it was found that 100,000 copies of "The Century" went to Scotland—a respectable edition in itself. The question in England is no longer "Who reads an American magazine?" but "Who does not see the American magazines?" A few years ago "The Century" had doubled its circulation with the famous "War Papers," by General Grant and others, adding many more readers later with the "Lincoln History" and Kennan's thrilling articles on the Siberian Exile System. One great feature of 1891 is to be "The Gold Hunters of California," describing the remarkable movement to the gold fields in '49, in a series of richly illustrated articles written by survivors, including the narratives of men who went to California by the different routes, accounts of the gold discoveries, life in the mines, the work of the Vigilance Committee (by the Chairman of the committee), etc. General Fremont's last writing was done for this series. The "Lincoln History" opening article, "The First Emigrant Train to California"—crossing the Rockies in 1841—by General Bidwell, a pioneer of pioneers. The "Lincoln History" families who had some relative or friend among the "Argonauts of '49" will be interested in these papers. Many other good things are coming, the narrative of an American's travels through the unknown land Thibet (for 700 miles over ground never before trod by a white man); the experiences of escaping war prisoners; American newspapers described by well-known journalists; accounts of the "Indian fighters," Custer and others; personal anecdotes of the Lincoln, by his private secretaries; "The Faith Doctor," a novel by Edward Eggleston, with a wonderfully rich programme of novelettes and stories by most of the leading writers, etc. It is also announced that "The Century" has purchased the right to print, before its appearance in France or any other country, extracts from advance sheets of the famous Talleyrand Memoirs, which have been secretly preserved for half a century—to be first given to the world through the pages of "The Century" magazine. All Europe is eagerly awaiting the publication of this personal history of Talleyrand—greatest of intriguers and diplomats. The "Century" for December begins the volume, and new subscribers should commence with this issue. The subscription price is \$4; the publishers, The Century Company, 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City, will send a free sample copy—recent back number—to any one desiring it.

"Littell's Living Age" has had a successful career of nearly fifty years, and it only improves as it grows. It has been over three and a quarter thousand years over well-filled pages of reading matter—forming four large volumes—every year, in weekly parts. Its frequent issue and ample space enable it to give the best of the best of the world's literature, reviews and criticisms, the choicest serial and short stories, the most interesting sketches of travel and discovery, the poetry of the most valuable biographical, historical, scientific and political information from the entire body of foreign periodical literature, and from the pens of the most eminent writers of the time. It is a most satisfactory complete compilation of an indispensable current literature; and with the constant growth of this literature in extent and importance, the "Living Age" has steadily increased. It is an indispensable magazine in these busy times, as it easily enables the reader to keep abreast with the best literature of the day and with the intellectual progress of the age. The subscription price (\$8 a year) is low for the amount of reading furnished. The "Living Age" and any one of the American \$1 monthlies of weekly issue are offered, both postpaid, for \$10 50; thus furnishing to the subscriber at small cost the cream of both home and foreign literature. To those desiring to take more than one other periodical in connection with one copy of the "Living Age," the publisher will forward clubbing rates on application. They also offer to send to all new subscribers for the year 1891, commencing January 1st, the weekly numbers of 1890 issued after the receipt of their subscriptions, gratis. Littell & Co., Boston.

The twenty-fourth volume of "Alden's Manifesto Cyclopaedia" has been issued. This cyclopaedia is one of the great literary undertakings of the time. Something of its magnitude may be seen by the fact that the closing topic of the volume is "Monte." Sixteen more volumes will be required to complete the alphabet, all promised in 1891. In the present volume five States are treated: Montana, Minnesota, Missouri, Mississippi, about nine pages; Missouri, twelve pages; and Montana, ten pages. Mexico is also treated in the present volume. Among the cities described are Memphis, Tenn., and the historic Memphis of Egypt; Meriden, Mexico; Milan, Milwaukee, Minneapolis and Mobile. There are biographies of Montezuma, Montcalm, and celebrated musicians; Michelangelo, artist; John Stewart Mill, political economist and philosopher; Hugh Miller, Christian geologist; Milton, the English poet; Milton, the astronomer; Moliere, French poet and dramatist; Mommsen, the historian; Jas. Monroe, President of the United States; and Montfaucon, the renowned Jewish philosopher. Among the important topics in other lines are Meteorology, Methodist Episcopal Church, Mission, Michigan University, Microscopy, Mind, Mining, Music, Missions, Mohammedanism and more. There are, of course, multitudes of others of perhaps equal interest. The matter is well brought down to date, and the illustrations are numerous and helpful. Paper, printing and binding are good, and the prices are 75 cents a volume for cloth binding, \$1 for half-Morocco, with easy installment terms. Specimen pages mailed on request. John B. Alden, publisher, New York.

The frontispiece of "The Magazine of Art" for December is an etching by James Duffie of George F. Watts' masterpiece, "Faith Morganza," the most notable illustration of this number is "A Distinguished Member of an Humane Society," engraved from Sir Edwin Landseer's famous painting by P. R. Kahndauer. It is the picture of "Faith Morganza," a splendid Newfoundland dog. The opening article of the number is "Warwick Castle and Its Art Treasures," by Warwick Castle and its Art Treasures, which is fully illustrated. This is followed by a paper on "The English School of Miniature Art," which is also fully illustrated. Claude Phillips continues his papers on "The Modern Schools of Painting and Sculpture as illustrated by the more than 100 pictures at the Paris Exhibition." A most entertaining article is that on "A Great Painter of Cats," by M. H. Spielmann, being an account of the celebrated Dutch painter, Mene, by Henriette Ronner. This article is illustrated with reproduction in half tints of some delightful cats and kittens. A portrait of Mme. Ronner shows her to be a strong-faceted woman, more than in the December "Home Journal." Here is Christmas in story, song and sketch. Sixty-five authors and artists—amongst famous and gifted like Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Margaret Deland, Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary Mapes Dodge, T. Talmage, Ida Lewis, Robert J. Burdette, Henry Ward Beecher, Mary Holmes, Kate L. Fletcher, Clark, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Rose Terry Cooke, Foster Cooke, Elizabeth B. Custer, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Lyman Abbott, Margaret, Ellen E. R. Fletcher, R. M. La Folle of All Souls' Church, Oxford. It is a work of high merit, strong in writing, accurate in its history and fair in its judgment.

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The addition of a library of well-chosen books to the school-rooms of all classes is strenuously advocated by those who have the welfare of the people at heart. Would it not be an equally important addition to the furniture of the kitchen? The lesson that many a girl carries away with her when she leaves her situation is that the indulgence of every passing fancy must be obtained at any cost; that simplicity of dress and living are things to be laughed at and despised; that amusement is the one object of life. She takes the lesson home with her when she marries, and we see the results in many a wretched household, or read them in the reports of the Police Courts, but we fail to trace them to their cause—the self-indulgence and luxury of the upper classes. Can we not do something to make the lesson a higher one?—London (Queen).

At the keyboard sat the fingered,  
For a theme by some master  
Smote his hand, and lo! a master  
Beat it as the notes he fingered.

And the evening shadows creeping  
Round the spot where he was sitting,  
Watched his shadow on the wall  
Listened to the music weeping.

From its tears he sought to borrow  
Solace for his bitter anguish,  
Peace for all things doomed to languish  
In the bleeding breast of sorrow.

And as rises from the ocean,  
Bright and beautiful, the morning,  
Hill and mead and stream and grove  
Kiss the past to his emotion.

On its wings the music bore him  
Straight from city-street and alley—  
To his own loved home, where  
Set the lonely heart before him.

Home he saw, familiar places,  
Vine-clad hills and shifting meadows;  
And from out the deepening shadows  
Crowded long-forgotten faces.

And he heard the low of cattle,  
And the goat-bells tinkling faintly,  
And the brown bee humming quaintly  
To the brooklet's merry rant.

And the sound of falling water  
Came to him like a vision holy,  
For where turned the mill wheel slowly,  
Smiled the miller's gentle daughter.

And in accents soft and tender  
He heard his own heart's longing,  
Ere by ruthless fortune banished  
From the presence of her splendour.

O the rapture of the vision!  
Leave him quietly with his sorrow,  
What to him the world's distresses,  
What its laughter and its derision?

Ridder gleams and bursts of glory  
In accents, characters and incidents.  
As through midnight dark and dreary  
Rolled the passion of his story.

Come away, the place is haunted,  
Leave him quietly with his sorrow,  
There shall dawn a brighter morn  
When his pleading shall be granted.

—Metaphor, "The Good Company," Family Magazine.

"No other Weekly Paper gives such a Variety of Entertaining Reading at so low a price."

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Specimen Copies and Full Prospectus for the Volume for 1891 sent on Application.

**Double Holiday Numbers.**  
Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, Easter, Fourth-of-July.  
Twenty pages, Profusely Illustrated, Colored Covers, Attractive Stories by Favorite Writers.

Free to  
To any New Subscriber who will send \$1.75 now, we will mail The Youth's Companion FREE to January, 1891, and for a Full Year from that date. This offer includes the FIVE DOUBLE HOLIDAY NUMBERS and all the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY SUPPLEMENTS.

**Jan., 1891.**

**THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.**

**REAL ESTATE, ETC.**

## FOR SALE

—BY—  
**Edwin K. Alsip & Co.,**  
The Oldest and Leading Real Estate and Insurance Agents,  
No. 1015 Fourth Street, Sacramento.

## A FRUIT FARM

In Newmarket Fruit Belt, in the Light Tract Colony, four miles from Newmarket, Penryn and Loomis.

THE TRACT ORIGINALLY CONTAINED 176 acres, which has been subdivided into 20 acre lots. Some have been sold and improved. It is all cleared of underbrush; corn grows without irrigation. If irrigated, water in abundance can be secured, as water ditch runs through the place. The soil is deep, rich and easily cultivated.

We claim this to be one of the most desirable places in Central California.

TERMS—One-third cash, balance in five annual installments, with interest at 7 per cent, purchaser paying taxes.

We will accompany anyone wishing to view the land.

No. 329-330 acres, Calaveras county, highly improved; \$3500.

No. 509-510 acres near Colfax; \$5000.

No. 511-540 acres, Placer county, at \$21 per acre.

No. 512-60 acres near Sacramento; exchange for city improved property; \$4000.

No. 514-540 acres near Loomis; \$10 per acre.

No. 516-60 acres near Newmarket; 65 acres in fruits and vines; also oranges, olives and Japanese plums; good house and beautifully located; views; \$12,000.

No. 517-610 acres near Colfax at \$10 per acre; great bargain.

10 acres near Sacramento, \$500.

These are bargains and should be looked into at once.

We have also several small tracts near railroad station.

**Send for Catalogue.**

Houses Rented, Rents Collected, Property Insured, Money Loaned.

**EDWIN K. ALSIP & CO.,**  
Sacramento, Cal. 014-11p

## FOR SALE.

Do not fail to take advantage of this opportunity if you are looking for an investment. There has been placed with us to sell five lots, 40x160 each. Title perfect. These lots are high and within four blocks from street cars, fifteen minutes' ride from depot. The terms, \$50 down and \$5 per month. Think about this. You will not miss \$5 every month. Your lots will soon be paid for and you will own a home—the ambition of every man. The price of these lots is so low that they are within the reach of everyone. Call at our office and let us take you to examine this property. We feel sure the location and price will suit you. For further particulars inquire of

**A. LEONARD & SON,**  
1014 Fourth Street, Sacramento

**W. P. COLEMAN,**  
Real Estate Salesman, 325 J street.

\$4960 Will buy 160 acres 2 miles from Elk Grove, good fruit and grain land.

\$6700—160 acres in El Dorado county, 2 miles from railroad station; small timber and orchard; good house and barn; 100 acres fenced.

\$25 acres near Lincoln, Placer county, 80 acres; good land.

\$25 acres; good land.

Look at that Elegant Residence, north-east corner Seventeenth and G; full lot, well improved, good barn; house has all modern improvements; street graded. All for \$10,000 it sold within fifteen days.

## MONEY TO LOAN.

**P. BOHL. E. A. CROUCH.**  
301 J Street, Sacramento.

FOR SALE, A SMALL FARM IN PLACER county—40 acres all cleared and all tillable; 25 acres near vineyard, orchard and grain, producing good crops; a good living for anyone; water from living spring; good well and ditch; dwellings, barn and improvements; five miles from three railroad stations. This is a HOME PLACE AND A BARGAIN.

301 J Street, Cor. Third, Sacramento, AGENCY UNION INSURANCE COMPANY

**FOR SALE, A SMALL FARM IN PLACER county—40 acres all cleared and all tillable; 25 acres near vineyard, orchard and grain, producing good crops; a good living for anyone; water from living spring; good well and ditch; dwellings, barn and improvements; five miles from three railroad stations. This is a HOME PLACE AND A BARGAIN.**

301 J Street, Cor. Third, Sacramento, AGENCY UNION INSURANCE COMPANY

## IONE COAL

BY THE CARLOAD, DELIVERED ON BOARD Barges on I Street, for \$3 PER TON; used for steam purposes. The same kind of COAL IN CUMPS FOR THE FAMILY USE, \$4 PER TON by the carload.

**FREDERICK MITER,**  
210-1st

**FRUITS, SEED, PRODUCE, ETC.**

**W. H. WOOD & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN California and Oregon Produce and Fruit POTATOES A SPECIALTY.  
Nos. 117 to 125 J st., Sacramento.

—WHOLESALE—  
**S. GERSON & CO.,**  
Fruit, Produce & Commission Merchants,  
SACRAMENTO, CAL.  
P. O. Box 170.

**CURTIS BROS. & CO.,**  
General Commission Merchants and Wholesale Dealers in Fruit and Produce.  
808, 810 and 812 J st., Sacramento.  
Telephone 37. Postoffice Box 385, it.

—WHOLESALE—  
**W. R. STRONG COMPANY,**  
Fruit and Produce  
DEALERS,  
SACRAMENTO (1p) CAL.

**AGENTS J. GREGORY, FRANK GREGORY, GREGORY BROS. CO.,**  
(Successors to GREGORY, BARNES & CO.)  
Nos. 128 and 138 J Street, Sacramento.  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PRODUCE AND FRUIT. Full Stocks of Potatoes, Vegetables, Grapes and Raisins, Beans, Alfalfa, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Poultry, etc., always on hand. 25-26 Orders filled at Lowest Rates.

**S. GORDAN,**  
Successor to

# GORDAN BROS.

## Merchant Tailors

520 J STREET.

Large, Fine and New Stock of WOOLENS  
For the Fall and Winter Trade.

The public are invited to call and examine my fine line of latest designs. Best workmanship. Suits made to order at moderate prices. Perfect fit guaranteed.

**T. A. LAUDER,**  
Importer and Dealer in  
Buggies, Carriages, Carts  
HARNESS, WHIPS  
AND ROBES;  
927 K STREET, SACRAMENTO.

**CHAS. FLOHR,**  
PRACTICAL GUNSMITH, 1024 Sixth street, between J and K. Importer and dealer in Shotguns, Rifles and Pistols. Ammunition of all kinds constantly on hand. Repairs and alterations made to order.

**HENRY ECKHARDT, GUNSMITH**  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER in Guns, Rifles, Shotguns, Ammunition and Sporting Goods. All the leading makes of Guns and Rifles at popular prices. Parker, Leffler, Colts, Smith, Ithaca, new Baker and new Mauser. First-class Gun and Rifle Work. Send for price list of guns. No. 523 E street, Sacramento, Cal.

**DR. JORDAN & CO'S MUSEUM OF ANATOMY,**  
751 Market St., San Francisco, Admission, 25 CENTS.

Go and learn how to avoid disease. Consultation and treatment personally or by letter on special matter or general weakness. All diseases treated. Send for book. Private office, 211 Geary street. Consultation free.

**Sherwood Hall Nurseries,**  
TIMOTHY HOPKINS,  
MENLO PARK, SAN MATEO CO., CAL.

Carnations, Roses, Chrysanthemums and Cut Flowers.

**DR. B. F. FENDERY,**  
Office, Postoffice Block, corner Fourth and K streets, Rooms 21 and 23.

**44 BUYS A CORD**  
OF OLD LUMBER WOOD. GET YOUR YARD OF OLD LUMBER WOOD. O. O. D. YARD Fourth and I streets.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

## ELECTION NOTICE.

THERE WILL BE AN ELECTION IN THIS CITY,  
MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1890,  
When the following School Officers are to be chosen:  
Four School Directors—One From Each Ward—to Serve a Full Term of Two (2) Years.

The election will be conducted according to the General Election Law, excepting the election returns must be made to the Clerk of the Board of City Trustees.

The qualification of voters is that their names are on the Grand Register of Sacramento county.

The polls will open at sunrise and close at five (5) o'clock P. M.

The polls will be held at the following places, to wit:

First Ward—Polls at Scriber's Stable, Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Second Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Third Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Fourth Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Fifth Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Sixth Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Seventh Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Eighth Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Ninth Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Tenth Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Eleventh Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Twelfth Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Thirteenth Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Fourteenth Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Fifteenth Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Sixteenth Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Seventeenth Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Eighteenth Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Nineteenth Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

Twentieth Ward—Polls at the corner of Fourth street, between K and L streets—J. Kelly and H. B. Nichols, Judges; Walter Van Guelder and Charles Root, Clerks.

By order of the Board of City Trustees,  
E. H. MCKEE, Clerk.  
Sacramento, November 17, 1890. 013-101

**TRUSTEES' SALE.**



## DAILY RECORD-UNION

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1890

ISSUED BY THE  
SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING COMPANY.Office, Third Street, between J and K.  
THE DAILY RECORD-UNION,  
Published six days in each week, with Double  
Sheet on Saturdays, and  
THE SUNDAY UNION,  
Published every Sunday morning, making a  
splendid SEVEN-DAY paper.For one year, \$5.00  
For six months, \$3.00  
For three months, \$1.50  
Subscribers served by Carriers at FIFTEEN  
Cents per week. In all interior cities and towns  
the paper can be had of the principal Periodical  
Dealers, Newsmen and Agents.  
The SUNDAY UNION is served by Carriers at  
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per month.THE WEEKLY UNION  
Is the cheapest and most desirable Home, News  
and Literary Journal published on the Pacific  
Coast.  
The WEEKLY UNION per year, \$1.00  
The SUNDAY UNION alone per year, \$1.00All these publications are sent either by Mail  
or Express to agents or single subscribers, with  
charges prepaid. All Postmasters are agents.  
The Best Advertising Mediums on the Pacific  
Coast.Entered at the Postoffice at Sacramento as  
second-class matter.The RECORD-UNION, SUNDAY UNION and  
WEEKLY UNION are the only papers on the  
Coast, outside of San Francisco, that receive  
the full Associated Press dispatches from all  
parts of the world. Outside of San Francisco,  
they have no competitors either in influence or  
home and general circulation throughout the  
State.San Francisco Agencies.  
This paper is for sale at the following places:  
T. P. Fisher's, room 21, Merchants' Exchange,  
California street; the principal News Stands  
and Hotels, and at the Market Street Ferry.  
Also, for sale on all Trains leaving and  
coming into Sacramento.Weather Forecast.  
Forecast till 8 P. M. Friday: For Northern  
California—Fair weather; cooler at San Fran-  
cisco.LIGHT BREAKING ON THE TARIFF  
QUESTION.The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, the Re-  
publicanism of which no one can question,  
has the courage to say that while it is  
barely possible if that great mistake, the  
McKinley bill, had passed six months  
earlier, the Republican party would not  
have been so roughly handled on the 4th  
instant, yet there is reason to believe  
"that a more prolonged discussion of cer-  
tain features of the measure would have  
increased the number of worms in our let-  
tuce."The *Globe-Democrat* is profoundly wise  
in that suggestion, though cautiously ex-  
pressing itself. Our idea is that it was  
well the storm broke when it did—had it  
been more aged the catastrophe would  
have been irretrievable. The truth is there  
is no use whatever in laboriously defend-  
ing the McKinley bill on the ground that  
it had no immediate legitimate effect on  
prices to raise them; that really in the fu-  
ture it would have lowered them. The  
fact remains that prices did advance, and  
with a rush that people did not misjudge.  
They believe that, if all excuses are ad-  
mitted in defense of the measure, the  
"domestic competition," as the friends of  
the bill term it, tended to create raised  
prices without any guarantee that it would  
lower them. One of the best evidences of  
the soundness of this judgment of the peo-  
ple is found in the fact that Republican  
Congressmen are already formulating  
amendments and palliatives; and some are  
preparing remedies "to correct," as they  
put it, the rise in prices that was inevitable  
if the bill was to retain at all the charac-  
ter of a high-tariff measure. That is to  
say, the very "domestic competition" that  
the party waded to believe the bill would  
stimulate, and which was the most lauded  
virtue of the Act, is now to be "corrected."The only corrective that can be  
applied, and not destroy the protective  
principle wholly, nor yet go over to the  
extreme of free trade, is reciprocity. And  
to this temper the American people are  
coming. The Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*,  
one of the stiffest of Republican papers in  
the West, declares that in its section the  
intelligence of the voters is upon a high  
plane; it is a district of voters of strong  
independence and calm thinking. In that  
district Judge Reed, who was elected to  
Congress two years ago by an immense ma-  
jority, and who is personally popular with  
the people and highly esteemed by men  
of all parties, on the 4th inst. was over-  
whelmingly defeated because of his en-  
thusiastic support of the McKinley bill.  
Says our contemporary, the nature and  
cause of this defeat admits of no manner  
of doubt. This is testimony that might  
be repeated in scores of districts, and ac-  
centuates sharply the judgment of the  
people as a whole, that the tariff bill was  
a huge blunder, that Mr. Blaine realized  
it, and threw himself into the breach to  
save the situation, but too late.The reciprocity doctrine, however,  
which he unwisely sought to limit to in-  
terference with the Latin-American States  
only, will be taken up by the Republican  
party whether its leaders in Congress wish  
it or not, and will be applied to the whole  
line of commerce, no matter what the na-  
tion with which we deal. This, because a  
reciprocal policy is a protective policy,  
for by it we protect our export trade by  
the relation we maintain that will give us  
the best showing in their markets. We  
want the very best for our money, and we  
will trade with nations that give our pro-  
ducts and manufactures the best advan-  
tage, in exchange for similar advantage  
granted them in our market for products  
we do not produce to the best advantage.THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE AND THE  
SCHOOLS.The Farmers' Alliance, we have said,  
represents an influence from which there  
is not reason to fear as there would if some  
other special interest organization for po-  
litical purposes. The agriculturists represent,  
as a rule, a conservative class that stands  
peculiarly for the home and for policies  
that in the main are in line with genuine  
reforms. This new organization, in short,  
is to be commended because its activity is  
in the direction of the restoration of po-  
litical power to the people, that has been  
assured by the few.We have glanced at some of the decla-  
rations of principles enumerated by the re-  
cent Alliance Convention at San Jose. Among  
others not before referred to, is an article  
of faith that pronounces with em-  
phasis for the maintenance of the pub-lic school system. It may be said  
that any political organization would make  
a similar declaration, and that all have  
repeatedly so expressed themselves. But  
it is well known that there are agen-  
cies actively engaged in the propagation  
of doctrines which assail the fundamental  
principles upon which the school system  
rests.One of the open and most pronounced  
and dangerous of these assaults took form  
early in the present year in Wisconsin.  
In that State church and party have  
united to deny the right of the State to  
require the English language to be taught  
in the schools. "If," say the promoters of  
this opposition, which is officiated by  
priests, "the State can say what shall be  
taught in the schools, it may say what  
shall not be." And while this is viewed  
by the opposition as conclusive of the jus-  
tice of their cause, the friends of the  
common school system accept the declara-  
tion as the truth, and boldly declare that  
the power to inhibit certain teachings in  
the public schools does reside in the State,  
and that such power is substructural of the  
whole system, is fortified by justice and  
inseparable from free government. It is  
therefore gratifying to find the Farmers'  
Alliance and Industrial Union unhesitat-  
ingly, and with this issue squarely be-  
fore it, declaring for the school system as  
it is, and asserting that "shall be main-  
tained."The party that openly or by indirection  
shall take issue with this declaration will  
write its own death warrant. The Farm-  
ers' Alliance is in touch with the nation-  
al heart upon this question.

## SOUND DECISIONS.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* is endeavor-  
ing laboriously to show that the Supreme  
Court of the United States did not know  
what it was talking about, when it de-  
cided the laundry ordinance and the liquor  
ordinance cases. It befores the question, as  
usual with it, by attempting to attack the  
personality of one of the Justices to the  
two decisions.Now the truth is that the entire bench  
concurred in the interpretation of the law.  
The decision, therefore, is not the personal  
view of one of the Justices. The Supreme  
Court holds that the liquor traffic is a  
business falling properly within the police  
powers of municipalities and communities  
to regulate and restrict. It is, therefore,  
licensed, and reasonable conditions may be  
attached to the grant of the license, and for  
even license refused wholly.But in the laundry ordinance case the  
fact was, and the Supreme Court so de-  
clared it, that discrimination was made,  
intended to be made, not because of the  
business, not because of the character of  
the business, but because of the classes of  
people engaged in it. The discrimination  
was against Chinese, and it was intended  
so to be. Moreover, unlike the liquor  
traffic, the business of laundrying is harm-  
less in itself and useful to the community  
—indeed, an absolute necessity.But the ordinance attempted to vest in  
the Supervisors the absolute and unlim-  
ited power to permit or refuse to permit  
the business of laundrying to be carried on.  
The discretion thus sought to be exer-  
cised for the purpose of depriving one per-  
son of a privilege granted to another be-  
cause of the nationality of the applicant.There is not, as we view it, any incon-  
sistency in the position of the Supreme  
Court in these cases. As a matter of fact,  
the Justice who wrote the opinion in the  
liquor license case enunciated a well-  
known and ancient principle of the law.  
When twenty-five years ago he sat upon  
the Supreme Bench of California he voiced  
the same doctrine of the law, and if the  
*Chronicle* is solicitous to ascertain the facts  
it will find the California Reports well  
loaded with decisions of precisely the same  
character, in which the rule of law is  
clearly laid down, and is the same as that  
of the full bench of the Supreme Court of  
the United States now pronounces.NO CHANGE IN COUNTY CLASSIFI-  
CATION.The idea has been put afloat that by rea-  
son of the gain in census population the  
raising of Sacramento county to the  
grade of the third class and an increase  
in the salary list for county officials fol-  
lows, provided the official announcement  
of the census operates to that end, without  
action by the Legislature announcing a  
new classification.There is nothing in this idea, and there  
is no reason whatever for the officials-elect  
or the lawyers "to puzzle their brains" over  
the question. Lawyers ought to know  
that by the Act of March 16, 1889, the  
law governing counties was amended. By  
Section 162 of the Act the counties are  
classified for the purpose of regulating the  
compensation of all county offi-  
cials. It is there provided that counties  
with a population of 35,000 and under  
50,000, according to the census of 1880,  
shall be known as counties of the third  
class, and counties having 34,000 and un-  
der 35,000, shall be known as counties of  
the fourth class. In the passage of that  
Act the probable result of the census of  
1890 giving increase of population was  
kept fully in view by the Legislature.But with the approaching census in con-  
sideration the houses passed the Act of  
1889, and in the words of Section 162 the  
counties were classified, "and shall here-  
after remain classified, according to their  
population as ascertained by the Federal  
census taken in the year 1880, as follows,  
to wit."It is therefore perfectly clear that the  
Legislature intended to make and did make  
a permanent classification, and adopted as  
the standard of ascertainment the census  
of 1880. As the Legislature passed the  
bill for the very purpose of settling the  
question and making a permanent classifi-  
cation upon a given statistical basis, it is  
undeniable that it accomplished its aim,  
and that nothing but new legislation can  
change the classification, for the Act of  
March, 1889, expressly states that its pur-  
pose is to amend the County Government  
Acts of 1883, 1885 and 1887.A FRENCH nobleman responded to the  
inquiry of what did his brother die: "Of  
having nothing to do." The sudden col-  
lapse of many of the busy men of this  
day may be attributed to precisely the  
opposite cause, "of having too much to  
do." This is not only an age of  
hurry, it is an age of worry. Inthe drive of our day we rush and worry  
until the vital energies, overtaxed and  
kept under whip and spur, fail us, and at  
the very time of life when they should be  
strongest and most vigorous. We want in  
this day the preaching and doing of Her-  
bert Spencer's Gospel of Rest. American  
nerves stand no greater strain than those  
of Europeans, but they fail sooner. We  
go to wreck when the deliberative Euro-  
pean is just entering upon his years of  
rest, and life's rational pleasures. Hard  
work is good for man; employment is an  
elixir of life. But hard work should be  
the slave not the master. Americans,  
however, are greatly ruled by it; business  
gives nature too little rest; we tramp the  
unvarying round of the treadmill, not with  
deliberation, but with nervous energy, as  
if the end were forever escaping us. We  
take "the shop" home with us, to bed with  
us, and into our dreams it intrudes. We  
deem it loss to get out of the groove and  
lay aside for a day or for an hour or two  
the grind of the office and the busy mart.  
So at last the human machine gives out,  
gives out "all at once," and every part falls  
down with equal suddenness. There are  
two causes, and only two for the collapse  
of the men of great physical capacity and  
mental energy—too much and too little  
rest—that is to say, too much and too  
little laying aside of the daily vocation,  
too much and too little of withdrawal  
from the world of business into the restful-  
ness of agreeable companionship or chosen  
avocation.Let all the world commend Dr. Koch,  
the great German medical scientist. By  
request he sent some of the lymph he is  
propagating for the cure of consumption to  
two brother physicians, Cornet and Dengel.  
They proceeded to speculate upon it, and  
charged a patient 500 marks for a single  
injection of the lymph. Thereupon Dr.  
Koch announces that these doctors shall  
not again be supplied with the matter. In  
other words, Dr. Koch is working for a  
great good, to discover a specific for a  
dreadful disease. His researches are as  
yet incomplete, and his purpose in pursu-  
ing them is to add new value to the heal-  
ing art, in the interest of humanity.When, therefore, he finds fellow-physicians  
speculating upon the results of his labor  
and devotion to science he justly becomes  
indignant. The world will applaud his  
spirit, and now give him new honors for  
his unselfishness and his labors in the in-  
terest of suffering human beings, and for  
his sharp rebuke to the spirit of specula-  
tion.The liberal and cordially pronounced  
manner in which President Harrison is en-  
tertaining the officers of the Brazilian  
squadron now visiting the United States  
is very pleasing to all the people and is  
worthy of the guests. The fleet is the first  
that Brazil has floated in the waters of the  
United States since Brazil became a re-  
public. It is therefore peculiarly fitting  
that special honors should be shown to the  
visitors, and the friendship the great re-  
public of the north continent has for the  
great republic of the south continent be  
manifest in the extension of social honors,  
and in solicitude to make the visitors feel  
that they are now among a people in deep  
sympathy with the cause of the newest of  
all the republics.The Albany *Argus* thinks it will be up-  
hill work to prove that reciprocity is the  
panacea for the tariff ill. It may be, for a  
time. Nearly all great ideas travel the  
uphill road before they are generally ac-  
cepted. But the doctrine of reciprocity  
has well advanced upon its road, and the  
remainder of the way is not difficult to  
travel. The doctrine has the advantage  
of simplicity, clearness and freedom from  
entanglement, and is the one and only  
plane which protectionists and free traders  
can occupy in common.The Philadelphia *Record* says "the  
Farmers' Alliance makes war upon  
sectionalism and its advocates." So should  
any truly national party. No organiza-  
tion is worthy of national recognition that  
is sectional. The history of the Republi-  
can party proves it to have been a party  
of the people and the whole country.While such a declaration will provoke  
Democratic denial and sneers, it is never-  
theless true, and the historians who write  
in the calm of the future will so make up  
the record.ANCIENT ENGINEERING.  
Some Facts that Would Prove Too Much  
for the Modern Engineer.[From the St. James Gazette.]  
The hard mechanical training necessary  
for an engineer of the present day dis-  
inclines him to spend his scanty leisure in  
studies which cannot be turned to account  
in his profession. The result is that he con-  
scientiously believes his art to be the special flower  
and glory of the age—in which he is not alto-  
gether wrong; but beyond that he regards  
all earlier feats of engineering as un-  
worthy of serious discussion. And the  
public, as ignorant, with less excuse, en-  
courage this view.It is waste of time to ask him how the  
boulders of Stonehenge were conveyed to  
their resting-place; how the walls of Fi-  
sole or Mycenae were built; these marvels  
represent the power which lies in the  
brute force of multitudes, and there's an  
end of the question. Engineering now is  
an art and a science, with which the rude  
work of the savages has no sort of con-  
nection. One must not inquire why he takes  
it for granted that Stonehenge, for ex-  
ample, was built by savages, where the  
brute multitude came from, how they sub-  
sisted on Salisbury Plain, or why it is  
necessary to assume that they were un-  
acquainted with mechanics. All that is  
chance—beyond dispute. If you cite  
records of antiquity which tell of works  
he cannot rival, that fact alone is proof  
that the record is a lie; for how can it pos-  
sibly be that mere Greeks and Romans  
should have been able to do what the  
builders of the Eiffel Tower and the Forth  
bridge cannot accomplish?We had an amusing instance of this feel-  
ing lately. The ingenious M. Eiffel and  
the artist M. Bartholdi have been gravely  
pondering the Colossus of Rhodes—meas-  
uring and weighing it as per description;  
and they conclude that the thing was sim-  
ply impossible. It could not have been  
set up, to begin with, and when set up it  
could not have stood the pressure of the  
wind. This is demonstrated by all the  
rules of modern science, and he who does  
not admit the demonstration must be pre-  
pared to show that the Colossus was not  
built by savages. Those antique personages  
who professed to have seen the Colossus  
were victims of an ocular delusion or flat story-  
tellers, and that greater number who men-  
tion it incidentally, as we might mention  
the ruins of the Colossus, were credulous  
gossips. The fact is that Messrs. Eiffel  
and Bartholdi argue in the fashion usual  
with engineers. Not all of them wouldpretend that they know every law of na-  
ture which applies in such a case. But  
very few would listen patiently if it were  
urged that the ancients knew some laws  
with which they were unacquainted.So it appears, however, to the dis-  
interested student, and we can bring forward  
evidence enough. If it be true that the  
Colossus of Rhodes is really proved "im-  
possible," according to the best modern  
authorities, this is a good illustration to  
begin with, for its existence is as well  
authenticated as the Temple at Delphi  
and the statue of Olympian Zeus, or the  
Tower of London, for that matter, to one  
who has never seen it. By some means it  
was set up, and by adaptation of some  
natural laws it was made to stand until an  
earthquake overthrew it. One is embar-  
rassed by the number and variety of the  
illustrations to the same effect which  
crowd upon the mind. Since the Colosse-  
um has been mentioned we may choose  
examples of this class. Is M. Eiffel pre-  
pared to put an awning over Trafalgar  
Square when the sun shines, and re-  
move it promptly without the aid of a  
central support or steam engines, or even  
chains? The arch of the Colosseum is  
certainly not less. This may seem a  
trifling matter to the thoughtless be-  
cause it leaves no room for the dis-  
cussion of the ancients. The Roman en-  
gineers covered in that vast expanse  
with some woolen material, and they  
worked the ponderous sheet so easily and  
smoothly that it was drawn and with-  
drawn as the sky changed. The bulk of it  
must have weighed hundreds of tons, all  
depending by ropes from the circumference  
of the arch. And the ancients thought so  
little of this feat that they have left us only one  
trivial detail of the method.Julius Cesar stretched an awning over the  
Forum Romanum and great part of the  
Via Sacra in the space of a single  
night. Have any of our modern engi-  
neers considered the contemporary descrip-  
tions of Alexander's diaphanous tent before  
Babylon? That, again, appears to have  
had no central support. It was upheld,  
says Phylarchus, by eight pillars of solid  
gold. Of the glorious plenshing within  
we have not to speak, since our theme is  
mechanics. Around that tent stood the  
great courtiers stood 500 Macedonian  
guards; in a circle beyond them 500 Per-  
sian guards; beyond these again 1,000  
soldiers on duty, with arms, and accompani-  
ments, and, in succession, circles, the  
most gorgeous oriental Court that ever  
was, with hundreds of satraps, Councilors,  
Generals, eunuchs and slaves, would per-  
petuate a mechanism of the nineteenth cen-  
tury. He will reply that the story is  
false—must be because he could not match  
it. Happily the awning of the Colosseum  
stands beyond dispute, and Alexander's  
tent is a small matter compared with that.  
But we undertook to deal with the engi-  
neering of the ancients in connection with  
the theater, having chanced on that class  
of illustration.Pliny tells us Metellus Scipio, a dila-  
tor, built a wondrous edifice, which stirred his  
rival, C. Curio, to frantic jealousy. It may  
be worth while in passing—since we are  
all so much interested in the theater now-  
adays, and think so much of our new ones  
—to tell what sort of a building that was.Pliny tells us that it was a circular  
building, 300 marble columns, each 38 feet high and  
38 feet apart. About 2,000 bronze statues  
stood among them. The stage had three  
floors, as was usual, the lowest paved  
and fitted with marble, the second with  
the third, gilded, and all held  
50,000 people. This account will seem so  
fabulous to steady-going Britons that it is  
prudent to give chapter and verse. The  
description will be found, with curious de-  
tails and passionate reflections on the  
luxury of the day, in "Pliny's Natural  
History," xvi, 24. Such was the won-  
der which Curio resulted to be, and feeling  
himself unable to vie in outlay, he  
summoned the engineers of the period to  
design something which would "fetch" the  
public. They built two enormous theaters  
of wood, each to contain an audience of  
25,000, which stood back to back.When the spectators were assembled in the  
forenoon Curio was chafed, no doubt,  
on the issue of the attempt to excel Scipio.  
But the audience returned in the af-  
ternoon, for these entertainments were de-  
voted to the names of Curio's father, and  
last a month. In the place of two the-  
aters, back to back, they had an amphi-  
theater holding 80,000 persons, wherein  
gladiators and wild beasts contended until  
dewy eve. The two great buildings had  
been swung around and united; and day  
by day for the month following this colos-  
sal feat was repeated. The reverend in-  
dignation of Pliny could not make him  
altogether indifferent to the ingenuity of  
the thing. The fact is, in brief, that  
those who know what the ancient engineers  
did, with their imperfect means, feel a  
qualified admiration for the works of the  
moderns. If Archimedes or Steadfast  
had been acquainted with the forces and  
the laws with which every old woman  
is familiar in these days, they would have  
changed the face of the earth and the des-  
tinies of mankind.

## THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION.

The Speaker of the House of Represen-  
tatives is not now in the line of succession.  
About five years ago a law popularly called  
the Presidential Succession Act was passed,  
which provided that in the event of the  
death, removal, resignation, or inabil-  
ity of the President to serve, when there  
were no Vice-President, the Presidency  
should devolve on officers of the Cab-  
inet, the Secretary of State standing first  
in line with the Secretary of the Treas-  
ury, second, the Secretary of War third,  
etc. Of course, no Cabinet officer could  
go to the Presidency except one who was  
eligible to that office.

## GENERAL NOTICES.

The Phonograph.  
Telephone, Telegraph and kindred electrical  
messengers will all be utilized by the orders  
of J. J. JOHNSON & CO., 508 J street, Sacra-  
mento, Cal. It is well known  
abroad as at home as a cleaning agent for the  
teeth.If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac  
THOMPSON'S EYE WATER, Sold at 20 cents, 1/2  
The best place in California to have your  
printing done: A. J. JOHNSON & CO., 508 J  
street, Sacramento, Cal.Sample Rooms, 1014 Sixth street, be-  
tween J and K. Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.  
JACOB KAENITZ, Proprietor.Painless Extraction of Teeth by use of  
local anesthetic. DR. WELDON, dentist, Eighth  
and J streets. 1024-1/2MANGER & HENLEY,  
HOP FACTORS,  
59 Borough, London, England.CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL  
consignments, and prompt sales made ac-  
cording to instructions.F. V. Flint, Agent,  
305 J Street 67-6mTusCoughs, Sore Throat, Influenza,  
Bronchitis, Whooping Cough,  
Croup, Diphtheria and all dis-  
eases of the Throat, Lungs and  
Chest are quickly and per-  
manently cured by the use of  
Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.  
None genuine unless signed  
"I. BUTTS" on the wrapper.

## NEW TO-DAY.

Advertisements of Meeting Notices, Wants, Lost  
Found, For Sale, To Let and similar notices under  
this heading are inserted for 5 cents per line the first  
time and 3 cents per line each subsequent time. All  
notices of this character will be found under this  
heading.K. S. F.—You are ordered to appear at  
Old Fellows' Temple THIS (Saturday) EVEN-  
ING, at 8:30 o'clock, with cap, coat and belt.  
WESSIE KATZENSTEIN, M. E. C.  
O. N. CROKITE, Captain.Rainbow Lodge, No. 229, Sons of St.  
George.—The installation of officers of the above  
lodge will take place in Unity Hall, O. O. F. Tem-  
ple, on TUESDAY next, December  
2nd, after which there will be a social. All mem-  
bers and one friend each are invited. The  
Daughters of St. George are especially invited  
to this meeting on the above date.

C. B. STOKES, W. S. J. W. PAINE, W. P.

Special meeting of California Temple  
No. 1, Pythian Sisters, THIS (Saturday) EVEN-  
ING, at 7:30 o'clock, at Pythian Castle. A full  
attendance is desired.

M. A. FITZGERALD, M. of C. M. E. C.

Mrs. J. F. French, the renowned fortune-  
teller. This woman tells wonderful things;  
also, brings troubled parties together again.  
Brown House, corner Fourth and K streets,  
room 11. Just arrived from Chicago. 129-1/2Special meeting of Court Sacra-  
mento, No. 1, Sons of St. George, THIS (Sat-  
urday) EVENING, at 8:30 o'clock, at Unity Hall,  
Old Fellows' Temple, to receive Grand  
Officers. Every member is expected to be  
present.

E. M. MYERS, R. S. C. C. HALL, C. R.

WANTED—A COMPETENT WOMAN FOR  
general housework; must be a good cook;  
references required. Apply at northwest cor-  
ner Fifteenth and K streets. 129-1/2WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED SHOE  
maker. Apply to THE CHAS. F. NA-  
THAN COMPANY. 129-1/2WANTED—A COMPETENT COOK IN A  
private family. Apply at 923 G st. 11WANTED—FURNISHED ROOM, WITH STOVE  
and gas or coal lamp; state conveniences  
and terms. XX, this office. 11WANTED—ROOM AND BOARD IN A PRi-  
vate family; satisfactory references given.  
"Business," care this office. 11WANTED—YOUNG WOMEN 18 TO 25  
years of age, apply Monday morning, De-  
cember 2nd, at WEINSTEIN, LUBIN & CO. 129-1/2WANTED—A BARBER FOR SATURDAY  
and Sunday. Inquire at Theater Barber  
Shop. 129-1/2WANTED—SEVERAL LIVE MEN AND  
women to work up lodges in a live Order;  
good pay to the right parties. Call at once at  
1116 Eighth street between the hours of 5 and 8  
P. M. Sacramento, Cal. 129-1/2 A. S. C.WANTED TO RENT OR LEASE BY THE  
Rose Springs Packing Company, Rose-  
ville, Placer county, a full ranch of from  
60 to 100 acres, for which cash rent will be paid;  
must be easy of access to this place by railroad  
and have the necessary buildings to house men  
and animals; teams and tools not necessary.  
Address E. BOOTH, Roseville, Placer county,  
Cal. 129-1/2CLERK DESIRES FURNISHED ROOM AT  
about \$7. Address W. Z. this office. 11TO LET—NEW FLAT OF FIVE ROOMS;  
basement and all modern improvements;  
will sell new carpets at a bargain. No. 1317 K  
street. 129-1/2FOR SALE—A MATCHED SPAN OF MARES  
and one brown horse; will sell on easy  
terms to responsible party. Address E. G. this  
office. 129-1/2FOR SALE—160 ACRES OF FIRST-CLASS  
grain, fruit, vegetable and alfalfa land;  
three acres vineyard, four acres Bartlett pears  
and orange cling peaches, all bearing and in  
good condition; house of four rooms, barn,  
chicken house, small distillery, complete for  
making brandy; twenty acres cleared; free  
water for irrigating entire place; situated near  
Coloma, El Dorado county, California. For  
further particulars inquire of W. T. HURSTON,  
Placerville. 129-1/2

WANTED—LOST—FOUND.

WANTED—THREE OR FOUR NICELY-  
furnished rooms for housekeeping in a  
respectable family; no children. Address 229,  
this office. 129-1/2WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN NOT AFRAID  
of work, a situation as clerk; any kind of  
work not objectionable. Apply to G. St. 129-1/2LOST—LAST SATURDAY, CLERK'S BRACE-  
let, between Sacramento Market and Tenth  
and M streets. Finder will please leave the same  
at Sacramento Market and be rewarded. 129-1/2WANTED—A PARTNER. FOR BUSINESS  
reasons I will sell a one-half interest in  
the Premium Peach Ranch of California, pre-  
vious to 1891, for \$10,000. The ranch is in  
good condition. Said ranch is leased for a cash  
rent of two thousand dollars each year for four  
years to come. Located near Newcastle, Placer  
county, Cal. Address J. A. ROBINSON, New-  
castle. 129-1/2WANTED—COOK AND GENERAL HOUSE-  
keeper. Apply at 309 J street. 129-1/2ACCOUNTANT—BOOKS POSTED, EXAM-  
ined or kept. Charges reasonable. J.  
SCOTT, 1010 Fourth street. 129-1/2WANTED—GOOD RELIABLE MAN WITH  
team and some money to rent fine foot-  
ball farm for a term of years. For further in-  
formation call on EDWIN K. ALPIS & CO.,  
Real Estate and Insurance Company, 1010  
Fourth street, Sacramento. 129-1/2WANTED—MEN FOR FARMS, VINEYARDS,  
dairies and all kinds of labor. Women  
and girls for cooking and general housework.  
Plenty of work for desirable help. Apply at  
EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, Fourth & K and L  
streets. 129-1/2\$75 TO \$250 A MONTH CAN BE MADE  
working for us. Persons pre-  
ferred who can furnish a horse and give their  
whole time to the business. Spare moments  
may be profitably employed at a few va-  
cancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON &  
Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. 129-1/2

FOR SALE—TO LET—ETC.

FOR SALE—"DOMESTIC" SEWING MA-  
chine; good as new; cheap. MRS. MOORE,  
1302 H street. 129-1/21299 H ST.—TO RENT, A SUITE OF FUR-  
nished rooms; also single room, with  
or without board. 129-1/2FOR SALE—140 ACRES OF RECLAIMED  
land and orchards, for rent for one year;  
distance of a mile on the Sacramento river, near  
Walnut Grove; front land in fruit trees, mostly  
bearing, with a Bartlett pear predominating  
land is already leased on favorable terms for  
the owner; good steamer landing on the farm; it  
will be sold at a reasonable price if applied for  
before January 1st; terms cash. For full par-  
ticulars inquire at 1212 Ninth street. 129-1/2











## UNDER A COLONNADE.

It was a day early in March. The dull gray sky and bitter east wind gave no taste of spring. Here in London, round every corner swept the pitiless icy blast. Beggars and crossing-sweepers gathered their rags more closely about them, while rich men, clad in heavy overcoats, cursed the climate and sought shelter in the well-warmed rooms of their clubs. Only those constrained by duty or poverty were abroad in the streets on such a day as this. Among this number were the sandwich-men, who paraded the streets with their customary slow and spiritless demeanor, with hang-dog looks and shuffling feet. One after the other the procession of these silent, depressed figures passed up or down the busiest thoroughfares. So many hours to keep going, many weary steps to pace for the munificent pay of eighteen pence a day. Day after day to carry about the tale of other people's pleasures, with their own woe and degradation eating like iron into their souls.

Truly, they earned enough to keep body and soul together, but in many of these cases it was better for the end to come quickly—better, aye, that they had never been born. Under the colonnade in Carlton street, a short cut from Regent street to the Haymarket, is a favorite resort of sandwich-men for the midday rest. In this unfrequented little street they gather together silently, and for a short space the oppressive boards are laid aside, and they sit or stand in comparative ease.

To-day many of them have found a warmer shelter within doors, but two, more wretched and ragged than the rest, are seated on the curb-stone.

They have removed their posters, which incline against the pillars. One placard is the advertising medium of a cheap restaurant, and upon it is printed in large and attractive capitals, "Do you want a good dinner? Go to Johnson's, 300 Strand." Upon the other poster, "Broken Down. Farical Comedy, Star Theater." There is little traffic in this side street, and the occasional footstep of a passenger hurrying through on some errand. There are no shops to attract idlers, and only dreary bed-chambers on the upper stories overlook the quiet street.

The men who sat patiently side by side on the curb-stone did not appear to be acquainted. Chance had apparently brought them together for the first time. Yet they were beyond curiosity it seemed, as companions in misfortune mostly are, for neither looked at the other.

The older and more ragged man of the two was very thin and starved-looking. His hollow eyes looked out of a shrunken face, which, but for the unkempt beard, would have appeared like a piece of parchment stretched over a skull. He shivered from time to time so violently that his teeth chattered audibly.

"It's a cold day, mate. These infernal winds creep round every corner," he said at last, as if in excuse of a mortal weakness. The other man was Irish, and his speech betrayed him as well as twinkling eyes, in which a ghost of merriment yet lived.

"I believe ye, me boy! Ye need to be lined well inside, and not to feel to 'em." He pointed to the poster he had laid aside, and laughed at his own joke. "Don't ye oughter go to Johnson's?"

But the other apparently was beyond any perception of irony, for he only rose stiffly, saying:

"I'll have on my sandwich again. It will keep the draughts out, anyhow." He pointed to the holes in his tattered coat, before he replaced his boards, and remained standing. While he was engaged adjusting his boards his companion looked him up and down for the first time.

"Ye've been better days, I'll be gail. Ye weren't always a sandwich."

The gaunt one answered sharply, "No."

The red-haired Irishman grinned again. "Well, it ain't nary as begins your in this line."

The older man shifted his boards to a more comfortable angle. "Not a profession that demands any particular ability or honesty, is it? We aren't likely to run away with these. It's about the last trade a man takes to before he turns his face to the wall."

"Better half a loaf than no bread, say I," responded the other.

"You won't kick at the bridge that carries you over," jeered the man who spoke like a gentleman.

The Irishman, taken out of his pocket a little roll of paper which he opened carefully, as if very precious, shielding its contents from the rough wind.

"Have some baccy?" he said to his comrade, as though to conciliate him. The man of educated voice and speech bent to look at the substance.

"Why, it's cigar ends," he said in surprise.

"For sure?" and a hoarse laugh sounded down the silent street. "Don't ye go for to say ye think as the like of me buys Turley tobacco by the pound. I chew of these, and I smokes of them, and they does me a power of good." While he spoke he went on cutting the ends with a well-worn pocket knife.

"Where do I get 'em, ye wonder?" Ye are a graver one. "Where do I get 'em, ye wonder?" Ye are a graver one. "Where do I get 'em, ye wonder?" Ye are a graver one.

"For sure, me boy! But ye don't niver say ye see any drill left in me?" For a moment he straightened himself and made a pantomimic gesture of saluting.

"Were you ever in active service?"

With an animated gesture the old soldier swore a bad oath, saying, "I've sent a few niggers to kingdom come." Then, with a more dejected air, "But it's twenty years sence I left the regiment; it was soon after the New Zealand war."

The gentleman in rags looked more closely at him, saying quickly, "The New Zealand war—were you there?"

"Troth and I was. See my game leg?" Here the man extended it, stroking it compassionately. "I've got a bullet in me yet from one of them cursed Maoris. I was in the One Hundred and Twentieth Foot, C Company, the smartest lot in the regiment."

The gentleman carrying the boards started. "Captain Dashborough commanded you," he said slowly, and his eyes had a haunted look.

"By the powers, he was the gentleman! Did ye know of him?"

A low and hollow laugh shook the boards.

"Yes, I knew him. He has been my most intimate friend all his life."

The old soldier shook his head as if in doubt.

"Thin ye know him for a devil-may-care young blade. I was his servant."

and graceful, and had a quick, light step. She came along the pavement straight towards the sandwich-men, smiling all the time. She was nearly though poorly dressed. The old soldier, hearing a foot step, stretched his head to look around the protection of his pillar. He rose to his feet as quickly as he could on recognizing the lady.

"Bless the saints, she's come agen!" Who is she?" said the other man indignantly.

"An angel of light to some of us poor devils. Many a sixpence she has dropped into me hand at this very corner, and many a kind word, worth more than gold, she has spoke. None of us ain't too shabby or too poor for her to take notice of."

The girl was quite near them now, and advanced with a look of bright happiness upon her face.

"Good morning, Tom. So you're at work again. I have missed you on your usual beat lately. Have you been ill?" "An' faith, miss, it's the old wound in me leg that's broke out agin." Here he shook himself as if impatient of human weakness. "But there's a kick left in the old horse, and I'll die in harness if I can."

The girl sighed, and for a moment her eyes rested on the silent figure leaning against the pillar. "How brave you are, Tom! You know I am poor too, and can't help you. But have you no friends, no children, who would take care of you now you are growing old?"

The man called Tom stroked his ragged beard, and the twinkle died out of his eyes. "I had a little daughter wunst," he paused and looked at her as though measuring her height—"about your age it might be now," a longer pause, in which a convulsive twitch passed over his face. "Faith, she had pretty blue eyes like ye, too."

The girl spoke softly: "And is she dead?"

"It may be. If she lives, may the blessed Virgin protect her—me little darlin'!" The gentleman with the boards drew his cap over his eyes. His attitude implied complete indifference to what was going on near him.

"This is the last time I may see you, Tom. I came this way to-day, hoping to find you, so as to tell you I am going away to another country very soon. Perhaps you will miss me. A wistful glance was directed towards the worthless sort, the broken-down soldier who had seen 'throuble' and whom no man on God's wide earth regarded with friendly or compassionate looks."

"I shall not see you," he said, looking at her with a stern expression.

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Kelly fell back quickly. "A sandwich! Sure such a dirty blackguard was niver Captain Dashborough—the life of the regiment—a real swell—come to this!"

"The man gave back a mocking echo. "Yes—come to this!"

"A filthy sandwich crawling the streets like a tortoise for nine bob a week! There is likeness. Ye lie!"

Again the gentleman spoke in the calm tones that are always most convincing. "I shall prove it to you."

"I will not believe ye," said Kelly vehemently.

The baker-boy came back from his errand down the street, and paused to look at the old chap, who appeared still to be quarreling. But as they did not come to blows the matter did not promise to be interesting, and he passed on whistling.

"Listen, Tom, Kelly. Here, as if to emphasize his speech, the gentleman touched his companion's arm. When you knew me last I was a young man still—a plucky, restless soldier, fond of wine and cards."

"For sure he loved his glass, the Captain did, and would pick up his cards and run his horses with the best of 'em."

"Without regarding the interruption the Captain went on: "I threw away a decent fortune with the carelessness of a gambler."

"Right ye are! The Captain chuckled about his gold like farthings."

The voice went on without ceasing. "You, my servant, were charged by me with stealing some missing money, to which you and I alone had access. You see, my man, I know all the details of your miserable story. The theft was brought home to you by circumstantial evidence, and you were convicted."

The wretched sinner listened to the history of his life with wild eyes and bloodless lips.

"And that sentence sent me down hill a bit. It ain't easy to live alongside rogues and villains in a jail for years without getting a taste for their sort of tricks."

The gentleman with the tattered cap smiled with a sort of contempt. "You still declare you went to prison an innocent man, then?"

"Aye, before Almighty God, I did; but I came out minded to be guilty. I have sworn that once upon a time. There was something in this wretched creature's attitude which seemed to demand belief."

"And you served your full sentence for some other man's guilt?" said the other, turning his face from the man he tortured.

"For sure I did, and my curse lies on him wherever he may be. The work of it, sir—the old habit of respectful address broke out—to let a man rot in jail; to take me away from me wife and child, and to shut me up for long years with thim devils!" There was a long pause, and in the silence the wind whistled and the traffic of the street came and went.

At last Kelly turned a puzzled look on the man who stood beside him.

"Me Captain was a fine upstanding chap, with a bold face and a laughing eye, and ye—ye are—"

Then came a fierce rejoinder. "While I am a man, I'll be a man, a cringing, shivering sort, with no soul, and very little body left. Yet I swear I am the man I claim to be."

"It can't be true," said Kelly, still staring at him in a fixed way.

"Kelly, my man, do you remember a wounded officer left your charge in the forest of Walkara, and that you were attacked by five natives, and defended your Captain single-handed, at the risk of your own life? Oh, you were a brave man, Tom, Kelly, let me tell you."

The tattered gentleman stopped and patted the hero of his story on the back.

"No one remembers that tale," the hero muttered.

"You deserved the Victoria Cross, but you did not get it. See, do you remember this wound? The officer bared one arm of rags and showed the mark of a deep cut, either of spear or knife."

"By the blessed saints, then, ye are me Captain! But sure ye've got a new face. Will ye shake hands, sir? We're not so far apart now."

"No," came the answer, with fierce decision, from the man of birth. For a second's space they looked into each other's face, and then it was worthy of notice that the officer dropped his eyes. "Remember," he said slowly, "I gave evidence against you at your trial."

"Be sure, sir, I've forgiven ye that thrice. The look of the thing was against me, and 'tis all so long ago." He smiled in a dreary way.

Kelly had begun to think his companion was a bit cranky. The short, sharp replies, the unhesitating answers, the contempt of his own beggary and wretchedness convinced him that his old officer was somewhat distraught. It was no uncommon experience to meet with half-witted sandwich-men, harmless enough, and capable of anything but serious mischief, but with some important screw loose.

While Kelly sat reflecting on the strange meeting, half doubting that life still held anything surprising for him, another passenger drew near unobserved. The newcomer was a young man with quick, firm tread and a strong, resolute face.

"Good-day, my men. Not got a crust between you, this dinner-time? Have either of you seen a young lady pass this way? She is tall and slight, and she wears a gray dress."

Kelly indicated St. Alban's Place with a grimy forefinger. For down this passage the girl had gone. "Thank you, my man. Here's a shilling apiece." His rapid glance searched the face of the man who had not spoken, and apparently his disquiet and gaunt appearance was clear to him.

"Go and have a nip somewhere. Now, don't drink all of it."

"Thank ye kindly, sir," said Kelly effusively, ducking his shock head repeatedly; and after he had watched the passenger disappear he hobbled off in the opposite direction, to some familiar drinking-bar.

The young man, however, so far from the corner, and his step gradually slackened as he proceeded. He said to himself that it was more than hopeless to attempt to assist old reproaches of that class. And then, stirred by the sudden recollection of a woman's tender pity for such friendless waifs and strays, he retraced his steps. He would see what he could do. One of the men was under a small obligation to him already, and he had recognized him at a glance.

And this man was now solitary beneath the colonnade, occupied in tossing the coin so lately bestowed upon him. Evidently the ruling passion was still strong, for he pursued his game of chance with so much attention that he did not hear any approach. When the doctor touched him on the shoulder he turned his gaunt face sharply, like a dog about to snap. "Have you come to ask for your money back?" jeered the fallen gentleman.

The answer was conciliatory and calm. "I've seen you before, my man."

"I don't know ye," said the man who was in the air.

"In a hospital, six months back. Your hand was injured in some low gambling brawl, and I dressed it for you."

"Right you are," said the Captain. "Without any encouragement, his new friend was persistent."

"And I offered to get you work when you left the hospital." The young doctor appeared to be reminding him of past favors, so the gentleman shook himself free of patronage with an angry expletive.

"I want no help to live, though I have not the pluck to put an end to the fight myself."

For a moment the young man seemed to reflect. There was a nature almost impossible to deal with; and he would try once more.

"What misfortune, or—or—" He paused, and the sandwich-man took up the question with a mocking laugh.

"Or crime, young sir, you mean. Don't beg the question. I'm not squeamish now."

There were sometimes strange meetings in the hospitals.

"Oh," said the girl, with tears springing to her eyes, "your heart is better than mine. I have always been afraid—yes, afraid—lest my father should some day appear and stretch out a hand—a convict's hand, remember—and drag me down to misery and degradation."

"My poor, friendless Kate!" said the young man, tenderly, "there is no fear of that now; no one can claim you when you are my wife—Kate Dashborough."

At the utterance of this name a ghastly pallor spread over the face of the listening sandwich-man. He gasped for breath as if choking, and leaned against the pillar for support.

"Yes, I shall soon be Kate Kelly, my more!" she murmured, with a happy smile. "That reminds me," said the lover, "that I have lost my pocket-book. I had intended to buy you a wedding gift with part of its contents." The girl released her hand from his arm quickly.

"Where did you lose it? You said you passed this way before. Let us look about. There is little traffic round this corner. She glided under the colonnade round the pillar, and came face to face with a man crouched low. "Why, here is a sandwich-man, fallen asleep!" The crouching creature lifted his head and stared at her in a wild way.

"You are Kate Kelly," he muttered. "Oh, I'm wide awake, young lady!"

Kate drew a little back. The man alarmed her.

"But how pale you look! You must be ill. Have you fallen down? See, Cecil, how the poor man's hand trembles."

The trembling hand brought forth the lost pocket-book and handed it to the owner.

"Is this yours?" Cecil took it slowly, and his eye searched the man's face. "You picked it up?"

"Yes," said the sandwich-man, "and looked inside."

The doctor opened the book and counted his notes. "You are an honest man."

"For once," rejoined the fallen gentleman, with bitter irony.

"You will accept a reward?" and the young gentleman offered a sovereign. The other man's eyes glistened, but with a supreme effort he resisted the temptation.

"From you—no."

During the exchange of these few brief words a great noise of voices and footsteps was heard approaching.

"Something has happened," said Kate, looking timidly towards the end of the street, where the advance guard of a ragged crowd was visible. "See, Cecil, they are coming this way."

"Some street brawl, no doubt. I must take you out of the way. Come, my Kate."

"No," said Kate, "they are carrying something—some one."

"It must be a man hurt or run over," said the doctor; "they are carrying him on boards. It is a sandwich-man knocked down, I think."

Kate advanced a few steps.

"Oh," she said, "not my poor sandwich-man—old Tom? Do something quickly for him, Cecil."

"Go away at once, Kate," said the doctor imperatively, for he saw a piece of sackcloth had been thrown over the still form. Then he approached the bearers and was lost to Kate's view in the little crowd.

"Let me look," he said to the policeman. "I am a surgeon."

"The old chap has been run over by a horse. It is no use, sir; it's all over with the little Irishman." Tom was a well-known character, and even the policeman showed a rough sympathy with his sudden end. Then decently and reverently they carried the dead man away, and no one saw that nestling in the rags above his breast was a little bunch of sweet-smelling violets.

As they carried him down the street the crown of his red head was visible. The sandwich-man beneath the colonnade made a stumble forwards as if intending to follow the procession; but he staggered and fell back with some sudden weakness on Cecil Dashborough's arm. He was muttering strange words—mad words, they thought.

"Dead is he before me! Won by a neck, Tom! He's got the game, though I won the toss. Death, old fellow, you've cheated me again!"

The girl Kate was weeping softly. She turned to her lover, saying:

"He had no friends, no one who cared for him at all; but he had a daughter once, and she might be about my own age. Poor Tom—poor old Tom. He said, 'God bless you, Kate.' And she sobbed."

The young doctor half lifted, half dragged the sandwich-man to the shelter of the colonnade, and there loosened the neckband of his shirt. He still muttered incoherently.

"The boards are not so heavy now, my man, for you. Has God Almighty given you the cross for valor at last? Oh, I'm coming soon to give evidence in your favor, Tom—in your favor, do you hear?" He struck his breast. "Here stands the gentleman who was a liar and a thief!"

They thought his brain was weak, and that this was delirium caused by the sudden alarm. The stragglers from the crowd who yet remained behind jeered and mocked at the poor gibbering creature, but Kate and the doctor stood over him to protect him from actual molestation. With eyes blazing he went on more volubly.

"I robbed him, my servant, of honor, of home and wife and child—that child—poor little Kate! I left him to bear the penalty of my crime, to be branded as a thief, and nothing can give back his blasted life. Out of the way there, you cursed fools! Tom, I am coming to bear witness to you before this day dies."

He struck right and left to clear a passage for himself. "Oh, you're a fine fellow, consumption and its cure, muffed face, Address: Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia."

He took up his boards, glaring defiance at the insulting, grinning throng which pressed about him, mocking him with coarse street banter. He cast strange looks of fear at the weeping Kate and the young man who sought to draw her away.

"You had better wait here a few moments, darling. It is a quiet corner, and the storm will be over presently."

"There is no need for me to hurry to-day," said the girl called Kate. "I gave my last lesson to my pupils this morning. I can scarcely believe it all, Cecil. I was flashed a happy smile at him. The listening sandwich-man lifted his head."

"But there may be people belonging to you who could—who would—"

"For God's sake, do not teach anyone to find me. I am lost, lost—"

Yet the young man persevered. "I leave England next week as surgeon in the chance of doing you a good turn."

The man in rags answered vehemently: "No need to look for me if you ever come back. I shall soon go under—under a few steps more, a stumble again, and then the great darkness—death. Hurrah for Death, for he's a jolly good fellow."

Again he tossed the coin.

The young doctor turned away with a curt "Good-morning," while the sandwich-man continued practicing the tossing of his coin, crying, "Heads or tails?" But, after all, this might have been a feat of endurance, for he ceased his play when his friendly adviser was out of sight. Looking after the young man to see if he was out of sight or still under observation, his eye fell upon a dark object lying on the pavement—a pocket-book, surely, or something similar. He glanced quickly, he nuzzled upon it like an animal.

This must be his; there will be money in it," he muttered. Then, looking round stealthily, he eluded it closer and retreated once more to the shelter of the colonnade. He appeared about to open the new-found treasure when a policeman came past, and he hurriedly hid it in the opposite side of the street. The policeman, with merely a cursory glance, stowed on a sandwich-man in the customary resort of his kind, passed out of sight. Then once more the pocket-book came to light, and was opened with trembling fingers. The man smiled sardonically, murmuring to himself:

"I am going to rob him because he has been kind to me. That's the way of it."

Then he began to count the notes rapidly. "Five, ten, fifteen, twenty. He calls himself a poor man, and he can lose twenty pounds!" He looked at the money, he hugged it, he even kissed it in a frenzy of joy. Then suddenly his hand fell to his side, and with a terror-stricken gaze he looked before him. He appeared as if overcome by a momentary fear or reaction. Perhaps he saw the ghost of his lost self. So he sat, fighting a silent battle, for a few seconds. Then, with a firm touch, he rolled up the notes and replaced them carefully in the pocket-book.

Afterwards, shouldering the posters, he moved up the street in the direction taken by the young man, with the heavy creasing of his kind. Kelly, having refreshed himself, came back to advise the other to do likewise, but found him gone, and himself left to face the young doctor returning again in haste.

"I have you picked anything up, my man?" he asked anxiously when yet a few paces off.

"I'm always a-picking up what I can; cigar ends and such like," rejoined Kelly. "I have lost a valuable pocketbook, and I had it a few minutes before I turned down this street. Where is the other man?"

"Faith, and I'll swear he's gone to the nearest chap who'll stake his shilling on a horse."

The young man knitted his brow anxiously.

"I may have left it in some of the shops where I called



## IN FOREIGN LANDS.

## The Irish Hierarchy Opposed to Parnell's Leadership.

## PARNELL DEFINES HIS POSITION.

## He Will Not Resign Unless Forced To By a Vote of His Party.

(SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.)

## IRELAND'S CAUSE.

## The Irish Hierarchy Opposed to Parnell's Leadership.

LONDON, November 28th.—The Irish Catholic hierarchy is unanimous in its opinion that Parnell should retire from his position as the head of the Nationalist party. The rulers of the church in Ireland do not desire to appear as co-ordinating the Catholic members of the House of Commons, but their opinion will be pronounced publicly if the Nationalist meeting next Monday attempts to whitewash Parnell.

Lord Randolph Churchill is hurrying to London from Italy, believing that the present crisis in political affairs will hasten the dissolution of Parliament.

A close friend of Parnell, who declared that Parnell regards the movement to expel him from the leadership as a radical revenge for his support of the royal grants last summer, says that his statement can be supported by documentary evidence.

Parnell's friend considers that the Irish party, if resolved into its elements, would have no coercion. Gladstone, he says, has had his revenge on the man he imprisoned in Kilmainham jail and who later compelled the Liberal leader to consider the demands of the Irish people. The mutiny against Parnell's leadership, the friend declares, was carefully planned.

Parnell's supporters complain that after the Nationalist meeting of Wednesday cable dispatches giving a misleading summary of the proceedings were sent privately to the Irish delegates in America. They assert that intrigues are on foot in the lobby of the House of Commons to draw away Dillon, O'Brien, and other delegates from the support of Parnell.

The anti-Parnell members of the Nationalist party are more hopeful, and assert that private telegrams from the Irish party in America are to the effect that the mass of the people support them. They claim that if Dillon and O'Brien throw in their lot with the Sexton and Healy forces against Parnell, as they are expected to do, the tide of opinion against Parnell will be irresistible. The manifesto which Parnell promised to issue to deal with all the questions involved in the present political crisis was made public this afternoon. It definitely settles that Parnell will not voluntarily retire from the leadership. His manifesto is of great length, and sets forth why, in Parnell's opinion, it would be disastrous to the best interests of the party for him to withdraw. Parnell defines his political opponents, and appeals to the people of Ireland to sustain him in the stand he has taken.

## A JOURNAL'S ADVICE.

DUBLIN, November 28th.—The *Freeman's Journal* advocates that the Nationalists take no decisive steps in regard to the retention of Parnell at the head of the party, in order to allow matters to drift until the time comes to allow the opinion of Dillon, O'Brien, O'Connor and other National delegates now in America to be conveyed to the meeting by one of themselves in person.

The main point, the *Journal* contends, is that Ireland should preserve the efficiency of her own party. The English radicals, it says, must take care that the English and Ireland must mind her own business. It beseeches Gladstone to ignore the ravings of centers and the hypocrisy of reactionaries, who are almost entirely without him. When he wins, it says, they will again crawl to his footstool. Continuing, the *Journal* says: "David should remember that when Parnell bowed for his political opponent, Parnell stood up for him and faced the storm. When the nine days' wonder is over he will be surprised that it ever entered into an Irishman's head to depose his Captain, the most critical hour of a political combat."

## CANVASSING THE VOTE.

LONDON, November 28th.—A canvass has been conducted by members of the Parliamentary party opposed to Parnell's retention of the leadership, with the result of ascertaining how the Irish people likely to go to Monday's meeting. The result was the securing of fifty-three members to vote against Parnell. Among them are, Condon, Dewar, John Dillon, Edmund Byrne, Timothy Harrington, Timothy Healy, Maurice Healy, Justin McCarthy, J. X. O'Brien, Patrick O'Brien, J. O'Brien, Harcourt, Sexton, Sheehy, Sheehy, Tanner, and Welsh. The anti-Parnellites also rely upon the votes of William O'Brien, T. P. O'Connor, Gill and T. D. Sullivan. The adherents of Parnell, who have announced their intention to stick to the old leader, number twenty-three, namely, Blane, Byrne, Henry Campbell, Conway, W. J. Corbett, J. G. Fitzgerald, Edward Harrington, Henry J. Kelly, W. A. Macdonald, McNeill, Maguire, Mahoney, J. P. Nolan, Joseph Nolan, John O'Connor, O'Kelly, Pinkerton, P. J. Power, Richard Power, John Redmond, William Redmond and Sheil.

## GRAVE TIES BEFORE THEM.

DUBLIN, November 28th.—In a letter published to-day Archbishop Walsh declined to make public a statement of his opinion in the Parnell case, until he has the opportunity to consult his Episcopal brethren. He says that next Monday's meeting of the Parliamentary party will result in a decision that will put upon the bishops of Ireland the grave duty of considering whether, or how far, it will be in their power to continue to place in the Irish Parliamentary party that confidence which, as a party, they felt justified in placing in it in the past.

In conclusion, the Archbishop says he does not feel convinced that they are yet in a position to form a final judgment on the case out of which the present unhappy crisis has arisen. At all events, it is a matter that must be decided one way or another before many days.

## PARNELL'S ADDRESS.

LONDON, November 28th.—Parnell's manifesto to the Irish people, which was issued to-night, is very lengthy. He begins by saying: "The integrity and independence of the section of the Irish Parliamentary party having been apparently supplanted and destroyed by wire-pullers of the Liberal party, it has become necessary for me, as leader of the Irish party, to take counsel with you, and, having given you knowledge of the cause in my possession, ask your judgment upon a matter which now solely devolves upon you to decide."

"A letter from Gladstone to Morley, written for the purpose of influencing the decision of the Irish party in the choice of a leader, and claiming for the Liberals and their leaders the right of veto upon the choice, is the immediate cause of this address, the purpose of which is to remind you and your Parliamentary representatives that Ireland considers the independence of her party as her only safeguard within the Constitution, and above and beyond all other considerations whatever. The threat in that letter, repeated so insolently in many platforms, and in numbers of British newspapers, compels me to put before you information which, until now, has been solely in my possession, and which will enable you to understand the measure of loss with which you are threatened, unless you consent to throw me to the English wolves now howling for my destruction."

Parnell then tells how at Hawarden, last November, he received from Gladstone details of that gentleman's colleagues of a proposal with regard to home rule in the event of the next general election favoring the Liberal party.

Upon the subject of the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament, Gladstone told him that in order to conciliate English public opinion, it would be necessary to reduce the Irish representation from 103 to 32. Upon the settlement of that question, Gladstone intimated that while he would renew his attempt to settle the

matter by Imperial legislation on the lines of the land purchase bill of 1886, he would not undertake to put any pressure upon his own side. A period of ten or twelve years was suggested as the limit of time during which the appointment of Judges and resident magistrates should be retained in the hands of the Imperial authorities.

"I undertook," says Parnell, "to use every legitimate influence to reconcile Irish public opinion to the gradual coming into force of the new privileges, and to the arrangements necessary for English opinion with regard to constabulary control and judicial appointments; but I strongly dissented from the proposed reduction of the number of members during the interval of probation, and pointed to the absence of any suitable prospect of a land settlement by either Parliament as a constitutional and overwhelming drag upon the prospects of permanent peace and prosperity in Ireland."

At the conclusion of the interview Parnell was informed that, pending the general election, Gladstone and his colleagues were agreed that silence should be preserved with regard to these points of difference. The absence of any provision for the settlement of the agrarian question, and any policy on the part of the Liberal leaders, Parnell says, filled him with concern and apprehension. On the introduction of the land-purchase bill by the Government at the commencement of the first session, Morley conferred with him, having regard to the avowed absence of any policy on the part of the Liberals. Parnell strongly advised Morley against any direct challenge on the principle that the State should take the land-purchase bill, and that should direct our efforts on the second reading to the insertion of the principle of local control.

This Morley agreed with him, but was at the same time hampered by the extreme section of his party, led by Labouchere, and in a subsequent interview impressed upon Parnell the necessity of meeting the reading of the bill with a direct negative, and asked him to undertake the motion. "I agreed, on condition that I was not to attack the principle of the measure, but to confine myself to a criticism of the details of the bill," says Parnell, "that this was false strategy, but it was strategy adopted out of regard to English prejudices and radical peculiarities. I did the best possible under the circumstances, and the several days' debate on the second reading contrasts favorably with Labouchere's recent abortive attempt to interpose a direct negative to the first reading of a similar bill yesterday."

Just before the commencement of this session Parnell had another interview with Morley, and impressed upon him the policy of an oblique method of procedure with reference to land purchase, and the necessity and importance of providing for the question of local control and a limitation in the application of funds.

"He agreed with me," says Parnell, "and I offered to move on the first reading of the bill an amendment in favor of this local control, advising, if this was rejected, that I might be left to the Radical section of the party to oppose the principle of the measure. I left Morley under the impression that this would be my duty, but in addition he made a remarkable proposal."

"Referring to the probable approaching victory of the Liberals, he suggested some considerations as to the future of the Irish party, and asked me whether I would be willing to assume the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, or whether I would allow another member of my party to take the position. He also put before me the decision of filling one of the law offices of the Crown in Ireland by a legal member of my party. I told him, amazed as I was at the proposal, that I could not agree to either in any way the instrument of the party or its members; that the Irish people had trusted me because they believed the declaration I made at Cork in 1886 represented my conviction, and that I would on no account depart from it."

In conclusion, Parnell says: "I do not believe any action of the Irish people in supporting me will endanger the honor of the party, or postpone the establishment of an Irish Parliament. But if ever the danger was to be realized I believe the Irish people throughout the world would agree with me, that a postponement would be preferable to a compromise of our national rights by the acceptance of a measure which would not realize the aspirations of our race."

## IN AFRICA.

## Good Land for Coffee, Sugar-Cane and the Tropical Products.

LONDON, November 28th.—H. H. Johnson, British Consul at Mombasa, who made peace between the Swahili Arabs and other warring tribes in Nyassaland, says that the country through which the Upper Shire passes is magnificently fertile, well watered and eminently suited for coffee, cotton, sugar-cane, tobacco and other tropical products. The inhabitants, however, are almost entirely without agriculture, through strong drink. No liquors have been imported for years, but the Portuguese taught the natives early how to make grog, and there is a perpetual war of importation. Malaria is of almost constant occurrence, and was never cured. The land on the north end of Lake Nyassa is a veritable African arcadia, and the inhabitants thrive.

George S. Mackenzie, chief administrator of the British East Africa Company, states that within a year the company has freed 4,000 slaves, while the naval cruisers captured and freed only an average of 120 a year. Mackenzie thinks it a waste of time and money to maintain a fleet to capture slaves. The best way is to suppress slave hunting in the interior by means of building roads and opening up the country.

## Russian Outrages.

BERLIN, November 28th.—The *Völkische Zeitung* reports an outrage by Russian soldiers on their frontier, near Alexandrov, a party of them raiding the house of a landowner, assaulting the proprietor's wife, terribly beating the man, and carrying off everything of value.

## Salaries Reduced.

PARIS, November 28th.—A dispatch from Buenos Ayres states that a decree has been issued reducing the salaries of Government officials ten per cent.

## A Great Country.

As to what a country we have the *Pittsburg Dispatch* has figured up the following: "The greatest coal oil region in the world is in Pennsylvania. The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. The greatest lake in the world is Lake Superior, 430 miles long and 1,000 feet deep. The highest waterfall in the world is that of the Yellowstone river, 350 feet in depth. Nowhere else in the world is the natural gas so plentiful as it is in Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania. The greatest city park in the world is Fairmount Park in Philadelphia, containing over 2,900 acres. The greatest natural bridge in the world is over Cedar creek, in Virginia, 80 feet wide and 250 feet high. The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the supply of which appears inexhaustible. The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain, of Missouri, 350 feet high and two miles in circuit. The longest river in the world is the Mississippi and Missouri, 4,100 miles long; its valley is the largest in the world, containing 500,000 square miles. It is one of the most fertile and profitable regions of the globe. The most wonderful aggregation of natural phenomena in the whole world is to be seen in the Yellowstone National Park, with its 440 springs, its paint-pots and mud springs, geysers, sulphur and quartz mountains, and other wonders of that region."

Florida Phosphates. As is well known, phosphates are extensively used in this country and Europe in the manufacture of fertilizers. Hundreds of thousands of tons are used annually, and the demand is increasing. The most valuable deposits in this country have been the beds in South Carolina, but the Palmetto State has found a new competitor in Florida, where vast deposits are richer and extend from Tallahassee to Peace river, about fifty miles south of Tampa, a distance of over three hundred miles, and with a width, so far as developed, of from ten to fifty miles.

## QUEENSTOWN.

## THE FIRST PORT MADE BY AMERICAN STEAMERS TO LIVERPOOL.

## Mails Left and Received—The Passenger's Reception—Famous Places.

The word "Queenstown" has an attractive sound to most travelers to and from Europe. It is as good as the end or beginning of the ocean voyage on that side as Sandy Hook is on this. It is the first stop for a steamer from New York to Liverpool, and many passengers land there, instead of completing the voyage, preferring to go on by rail. The first bit of land sighted by a boat from the United States is Crookhaven. This is simply a station where the vessel is spoken and her safe arrival is telegraphed over the world. From this point to Queenstown is about eighty miles, with but little to see but high and broken cliffs as a coast line. At the entrance to Queenstown harbor is a bold promontory called Roche's point. Here the mails and passengers not going to Liverpool and transferred to a tender and taken on shore. All in-bound steamers leave the mails here, and when bound out take on the English mails. The distance from Queenstown to Liverpool is 240 miles, and steamers usually take from seventeen to twenty hours in making it.

The time is occasionally increased by insufficient water at the Liverpool bar. But by the mail service via Dublin and Holyhead the time between Queenstown and London, 201 miles farther than Liverpool, is only nineteen hours, so it is possible for a mail to be delivered in London before the steamer which brought it to Queenstown entered the Mersey. The service is by train to Cork and Dublin; thence by channel steamers across the Irish sea to Holyhead, on the Welsh coast, and from Holyhead to the metropolis by fast trains, which cover the distance, 200 miles, in six hours and forty minutes.

In coming to Queenstown the steamers wait at Queenstown for the mail leaving London at 9 o'clock in the evening of the day on which they sail from Liverpool. If one left the latter port at noon Saturday, she would be in Queenstown early Sunday morning, and would anchor there until the arrival of the train which left London nine hours after she left Liverpool, and which would be due in Queenstown at about 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

A business man also gains a working day on shore by using the mail route to Queenstown, and the steamers themselves find it a convenient port for the disembarkment of emigrants from Ireland. The passengers who embark at Liverpool usually have enough time ashore at Queenstown, while the steamers are waiting for the mail, to see the harbor, the River Lee, Cork, and even to kiss the Blarney stone, and for those bound to Europe it is the best starting point for the tour of Killarney.

Queenstown harbor is somewhat like that of New York. As the Narrows protect the latter, Roche's Point and its opposite headland shut out the storms from the former and keep the water within smooth when that outside is raging. The circular bay, with its islands and hilly shores, is also a duplicate of what may be seen in the neighborhood of Staten Island. At the mouth the land is craggy and the heights are fortified, but further in the harbor is a wide, open, and a few thousand of ships and a sufficient depth of water to admit the largest at all tides.

At the head of the bay, almost straight from the Point, is the town, built in terraces, on a wooded and heathery bluff. The houses are nearly all white and red in feature. Their color and the frequent green which surrounds them give them a tropical resemblance, especially when the sun lights them up and distills rainbow tints from the atmosphere.

At the foot of the cliff and along the quays is a street of shops and taverns, most of them ancient, for patronage to tourists, emigrants and seamen. The higher terraces are principally dwellings, and the higher they are the better is the class to which they belong. On the ridge above all the others are two or three houses which are called palaces, and are the residences of the nobility. The interests of Queenstown are not much varied, the lines of caste and rank are drawn with English precision. Primarily the chief interest of Queenstown is as a port of call. Like Falmouth, on the southern coast of England, it is made for by many ships consigned to order, or sent there that the choice of a port of delivery may be governed by the condition of the market and their cargoes.

When a passenger gets ashore he is met by as noisy and demonstrative a crowd of drivers, hawkers and ever-ready set of American city. Unless taking cars it is a tedious and vexatious effort to get rid of them all. If the first mob is escaped, it is only to meet a horde of beggars it is even more difficult to shake. Then there are hawkers of various articles at outrageous prices, who lie and flatter without limit. If a refusal to buy is persisted in, the soft talk turns to abuse and curses.

Cork is eleven miles from Queenstown, on the River Lee. Five miles beyond is Blarney. The town is a busy village, devoted to making cloth, but Blarney Castle, an American city by the Earls of Clancarty, is only a ruin. The alleged power of the Blarney stone to endow any one kissing it with a special gift of "soft and insinuating speech" is familiar; but as it is necessary to be hung head first from the top of the tumbling castle, and the castle is a ruin, a genuine occasion is rarely enjoyed. If there is time, a visit to Glenarriff and Killarney is very pleasant. The region abounds in natural beauties, all enhanced by history, tradition and poetry. There are lakes and mountains, hills and valleys, fertile and barren, green and blue and black uplands. To reach Glenarriff a short railroad is taken to Bantry, a little town on a bay breaking in seven miles from the Atlantic. Glenarriff is at the head of the bay among the mountains.

From a high angle the scene is one of sterile and tawny colored splendor. The water spreading out to its gates is encircled by savage mountains; the rocks are bare and brown; the sky is cold. But getting down to a lower level there is an elastic turf, springing under the foot, a sort of many rills which gush out from between the rocks, and a delightful mildness of the air. The very heights, as dense as the Hawthorn of English fields, are compact masses of blossom, and the vines clamber up above every stone. There are several houses, and a couple of hotels, so general is the climate that they are occupied the whole year through. The three lakes of Killarney are in a long valley among the mountains forty miles beyond. The road promises nothing but what is bleak and wild, but once there the pasture and woodland open up beautiful beyond words to tell. It is hard to decide where to stop. Days can be passed in continuing the journey, for there are the Acheiron pools, sweet Junifalls, Ross Castle, Muckross Abbey, the Colleen Bawn caves and the Eagle's nest, every one paid homage to by poet and painter.

## PUMPKIN SOCIAL.

## How the Great Yankee Product Was Utilized Out West.

A considerable amount of entertainment and profit may be obtained out of the homely garden products known as pumpkins, squashes and gourds. One of the most enjoyable socials ever given by the Young Women's Society of St. Paul's parish in C— was a pumpkin social, and the young ladies of St. Paul's had a reputation of "going about the best in all their work." The social was given in the Sunday-school room of the church edifice, the seats having been cleared away to make room for the free circulation of those present. The affair was advertised as a pumpkin social, and the following verse was run in the paper as many times as it was thought necessary:

Pumpkins large and pumpkins small,  
Pumpkins short and pumpkins tall,  
Pumpkins yellow and pumpkins green,  
Pumpkins as dainty as ever were seen,  
Pumpkins baked and pumpkins stewed,  
Pumpkins in all shapes for food,  
Pumpkins to look at and pumpkins to eat,  
Pumpkins spicy and pumpkins sweet,  
Pumpkins in pie as yellow as gold,  
Pumpkins cooked both hot and cold,  
Pumpkins for use under the sun,  
Pumpkins in some shape for every one.

This was followed by the announcement of the place and date of the social, and succeeded in filling the room full to overflowing with people curious to know in how many shapes pumpkins could be put up for sale.

Very little decoration was indulged in beyond a few crook-necked gourds stacked on the wall to form the word "Welcome," and a row of jack-o'-lanterns along the front of the church. This latter idea brought a good many in who were simply passing and was a source of great joy to the younger ones. A lantern was also placed on each of the small tables in the supper room.

The cook-books were ransacked for recipes from which were concocted all manner of savory dishes containing pumpkin and squash. They are very numerous, and every cook-book gives a great many of them. In the line of articles for sale the ingenuity of the young ladies was best shown. There were pin-cushions made of yellow and green plush and very like pumpkins in shape and color if not in size; gourds of all shapes and sizes were made to serve as matchboxes, toothpick holders, brush stands, perfume cases, ink-stands, candle sticks, and even collar and cuff boxes. Of their variety there was no end; the whole country seemed to have been scoured to procure the oddest and most unique specimens of the kind. They were decorated with ribbons, and fastened to standards, stuffed, clothed in plush and silk, swung up by silken cords and utilized in every possible manner. Some of the crook-necks were given features and fantastic garments and masqueraded as dolls in the person of Johnnie, and removed their hats, were found matches or pins. One little squat gourd was dressed to represent a Chinaman and by pulling his queue one disclosed a receptacle filled with bon-bons. Some of the long-necked gourds were sold for clothes sprinklers, and these were made useful by piercing the bulb with many small holes and cutting off the small end enough to permit of putting on a stout wrapping of coarse thread to give resistance to the stopper, which was used to close it after the water was poured in.

A number of telegrams were given, and during the evening a huge paper pumpkin was trundled into the room and Cinderella stepped from it and delivered an address in praise of the great Yankee product. Those who attended this social were more than pleased with the entertainment, and the articles made in the person of Johnnie, and removed their hats, were found matches or pins. One little squat gourd was dressed to represent a Chinaman and by pulling his queue one disclosed a receptacle filled with bon-bons. Some of the long-necked gourds were sold for clothes sprinklers, and these were made useful by piercing the bulb with many small holes and cutting off the small end enough to permit of putting on a stout wrapping of coarse thread to give resistance to the stopper, which was used to close it after the water was poured in.

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## THE LARGEST MAN LIVING.

## John Hanson Craig Weighs 907 Pounds, and May Be Still Growing.

Indiana now lays claim to the heaviest man in the world in the person of John Hanson Craig, of Danville, Hendricks county.

Mr. Craig was born in Iowa City, Ia., in 1855. When quite small his parents moved to Kentucky, where they lived until John was thirteen years of age. At birth he weighed 11 pounds. When 11 months old his weight was 77 pounds. From this time on his gain in flesh was phenomenal. At the age of 2 years his weight was 206 pounds. During 1858 his parents took him to New York city and entered him as a contestant in the baby show, inaugurated by P. T. Barnum, and he was awarded a cash prize of \$1,000 as the largest and heaviest child on exhibition. At the age of 5 years his weight had increased to 302 pounds.

During the next six years his weight increased to 405 pounds. The following eight years his weight increased 196 pounds, causing him to tip the beam at 601 pounds. At the age of 25 his weight was 725; at 27 it had increased to 758 pounds. During the next year he gained 34 pounds, making his weight 792. From that time on his weight has been gradually increasing, until he now tips the scales at 907 pounds.

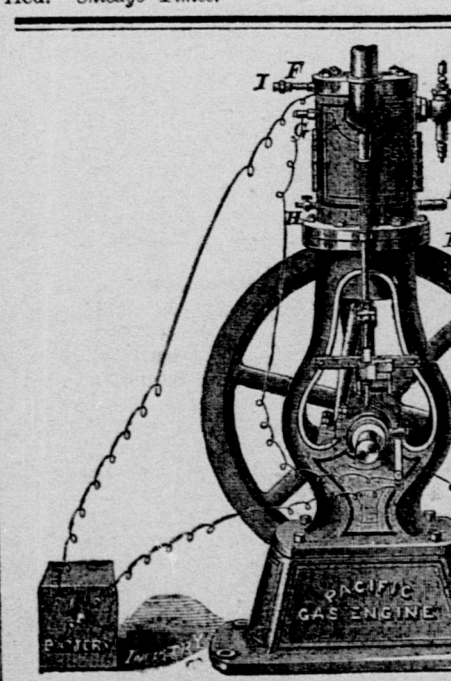
Mr. Craig has never been ill a day in his life, is a very delicate eater, is not addicted to the use of intoxicants, and does not use tobacco in any form.

Mr. Craig stands six feet five inches in his stocking feet and measures eighty-four inches at the hips. It requires forty-one yards of cloth to make him a full suit—coat, vest and trousers—and it takes three pounds of yarn to make him a pair of stockings. He laughingly says the cows always smile when they see him going to a shoe shop to leave his measure for a pair of boots, as it will take a whole side to make him a pair. He wears No. 12 boots.

The father of Mr. Craig was a very small man, weighing from 115 to 120 pounds, and his mother was a small woman, not weighing over 110 or 115 pounds. His great-grandfather, on his mother's side, was the first Governor of Vermont, Governor Chittenden, and was born in Ireland. His grandfather, Dr. Hanson Catlett, was Assistant Surgeon-General of the United States for thirty-five years, and died in the Government service at East Liberty, Pa. He was a native of England.

On his father's side Mr. Craig's grandfather was a native of Scotland. His grandfather was a General in the army, and was born in Frankfurt. Mr. Craig is a first cousin to William P. Hepburn, at the present time Solicitor for the United States Treasury.

His wife is a beautiful woman, about 30 years old, small of stature and will weigh probably 120 pounds. She has a luxuriant raven-black hair falls in graceful curls, reaching below her waist. Mr. Craig says he fell in love with his wife when he was first met, and as she has never tried to wear the trousers he still adores her as much as he did the day they were married.—Chicago Times.



THIS CUT REPRESENTS THE LATEST WONDER IN POWER. STARTED INSTANTLY without the use of a match. No fire, no smoke, no steam. Simple, durable, practical, and the most powerful of all. It is the latest invention of the KILGORE & CO. of Chicago, Ill. It is the latest invention of the KILGORE & CO. of Chicago, Ill. It is the latest invention of the KILGORE & CO. of Chicago, Ill.

## SLEEPING WITH A BABY.

## A Man Who Has Lived Through It Tells His Story.

The free from care and ease taking old bachelor who, in his momentary lapse of wisdom, contemplating matrimony, should at the same time reflect on the remote but contingent possibility of his having to spend time sleep with a baby, should be merry. Years of experience of matrimony of this kind make me feel it to be my duty to set forth the misery arising from a contingency of this kind.

The baby, if he happens to be a lusty little fellow of eight or ten months, will decline to stay covered, and will also decline to allow you to keep yourself covered. He indicates his wishes in this direction by keeping his little pink heels going all night, a good part of the time on your back.

He will also insist on lying "crosswise," "endwise," "cat-a-cornered," "a bias," or in any other position but that which will give you a few inches of room in the bed and a few minutes' sleep. His infantile needs will begin to manifest themselves about 1 o'clock in the morning, at which which hour you go blundering around in the dark for a drink of water.

He will howl steadily and cheerfully from 2 to 3 o'clock, and will kick you furiously between the shoulder blades with every howl. It will not be of any use for you to pat him tenderly and sing out, "There, there," He is right there and knows it, and intends that you shall know it.

It is of no use to say coaxingly, "What does papa's baby want?" Papa's baby doesn't want anything but to howl, and he is gratifying that audible desire to the utmost. It is of no use to add to your judgment day list of enormities by swearing. And if your wife has been calmly passive through it all she will develop an amazing degree of spirit if you dare lay the weight of your finger in anger on that "poor, dear, innocent, trusting sweetest." He will squirm all night as though he were first cousin to an angle worm. He will journey around all over the bed, both under and on top of the coverings.

You are no sooner asleep than one of his little heels is planted firmly in your nose or in your mouth, and later on, with childhood's scorn of decency and decorum, he will sit astride your neck, and grow green and purple with rage when gently made to sit elsewhere. Should he fall out of bed and land loud enough to be heard all over your ward, your wife will say she firmly believes that you pushed him out, and that you are not fit to be a father, anyhow. An animated dialogue of a purely personal and private nature will follow this remark.

But when the roystering little chap finally "smuggles" up to you and goes to sleep with one of his velvet little cheeks close to your own, and one of his warm, soft arms around your neck, you find your heart growing very soft and tender toward him, and you would single-handed wage war against a host or lay down your life for the love of him.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF RALPH LEBERER, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, GEORGE W. HARLOW, Administrator of the estate of RALPH LEBERER, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to said Administrator, at the law offices of Robt. T. Devlin, 225 Broadway, New York City, or to said Administrator at his place for the transaction of business of said estate. GEORGE W. HARLOW, Administrator of the estate of Ralph L. Leberer, deceased. Dated November 28, 1890. ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Attorney for Administrator. 129-345.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN H. PETERSON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, GEORGE W. HARLOW, Administrator of the estate of JOHN H. PETERSON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to said Administrator, at the law offices of Robt. T. Devlin, 225 Broadway, New York City, or to said Administrator at his place for the transaction of business of said estate. GEORGE W. HARLOW, Administrator of the estate of John H. Peterson, deceased. Dated November 28, 1890. ROBT. T. DEVLIN, Attorney for Administrator. 129-345.

FRANCIS CALVIN, CAL. NOVEMBER 29, 1890.—Sealed proposals, in triplicate, will be received here, until 12 M., Monday, December 2, 1890, and then opened, for furnishing twenty-two artillery horses at Presidio of San Francisco, California. Government reserves the right to reject any or all bids, in whole or in part. Bids will be considered for a period of ten days after that date. Preference given to articles of domestic production, conditions of price and quality to be understood. Proposals to be submitted in triplicate, and to be sealed and to be marked "Proposals for Artillery Horses," and to be sent to J. G. CHANDLER, Deputy Quartermaster-General, U. S. A. 129-30, 31, 2, 3, 35.

"THE FIRE ALARM." SERMON BY REV. A. C. BANE AT THE Seventh Street Methodist Church at 11 A. M. SUNDAY. No evening service. 11

POSTPONEMENT. THE GRAND CONCERT ANNOUNCED FOR Wednesday evening, December 12, at 8 o'clock, at St. Paul's M. E. Church will NOT take place on that date. Due notice will be given, and tickets sold will hold good for new date. 11

BALL POSTPONED! THE FIRST ANNUAL BALL OF THE COUNCIL OF FEDERATED TRADES has been postponed until Saturday Evening, December 6th. Tickets, 50 cents; Ladies free. 11

Thanksgiving Praise Service, FIRST UNITARIAN SOCIETY, CASTLE HALL, SUNDAY EVENING, November 29, at 7:30 o'clock. The following numbers will be rendered: Quartet, "Thanksgiving Anthem"; Novello; duet, soprano and contralto, "High in the Heavens"; A. B. bass solo, "The Good Shepherd"; Barri; soprano solo and quartet, "Praise Thou the Lord"; Mendelssohn; soprano solo, "Will Extol Thee"; Costa; E. H. tenor, "I Waited for the Lord"; Mendelssohn; tenor solo, "Jerusalem"; Barri; quartet, "Praise the Lord"; Randegger. 11

NOTICE! PERSONS WHO HAVE LEFT THEIR BAGGAGE, etc., at the Fifth Street Hotel will call again this, or it will be disposed of. JOHN REEDY. 11

REGULAR REPUBLICAN TICKET. For School Director.....THOMAS HARPER For School Director.....HERMAN LAGES For School Director.....A. C. TUFTS For School Director.....T. B. REID By order of Republican Central Committee. 129-341 A. G. GARDNER, Chairman.

## THE LATEST WONDER!

W. H. SHERBURN, Auctioneer and Commission Merchant. Office and Salesroom, 323 K St. DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE, CARPETS, OILCLOTH, MATTING, etc.

Auction Sale EVERY EVENING, commencing at 7:30 o'clock, of FINE GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, JEWELRY, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, CIGARS, TOBACCO, Etc. N. B.—Positively no Auction Sales of Furniture at Salesroom.

SALE OF LAND TO CLOSE ESTATE. THE SE 1/4 OF SECTION 8, TOWNSHIP 12 North, Range 4 East, will be sold at auction Saturday, November 29, 1890, on the premises, at 12 o'clock, with all improvements thereon, consisting of good fences, dwelling house, barn, mill, located 1 1/2 miles east of Sacramentosutter county. Perfect title given. 129-51

W. H. SHERBURN, Auctioneer and Commission Merchant.